

The Listener

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Autumn in the woods at Butleigh, near Street, Somerset

I. Hardwick

In this number:

The State of the British Political Parties (R. T. McKenzie)

'The Three Faces of Eve' (Morris Carstairs)

On Patronising Coleridge (George Watson)

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The State of the Political Parties

R. T. McKENZIE on the recent conferences at Brighton

WHENEVER foreign students planning to come to Britain write to me about their arrival plans, I always make two firm recommendations: they should come to Britain in time to visit the Edinburgh Festival; and they should also plan to attend the annual 'festival of politics', held at one or other of Britain's seaside towns in late September and early October. Certainly those who took at least the second part of the advice on this occasion are unlikely to have regretted it; annual party conferences on this scale are a unique British institution, and this year both party conferences were, in their very different ways, intensely interesting.

The Labour conference was notable above all else for the evidence it provided of the consolidation of the power of the party leader, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell; and it was notable too for the strengthening of the working alliance between the leading trade unionists and the parliamentary leaders which alone makes the party's ramshackle constitution workable. It is important to recall how serious a problem the party's founding fathers created for their successors by devising the sort of constitution they did. They vested ultimate control of the affairs of the party in the annual conference; by implication (although party literature is confused on this matter) even the parliamentary party is responsible to the annual conference.

It is easy to understand why these arrangements were made. For the most part, those who founded the party had experience only of trade unions, co-operatives, and socialist societies, and it was obvious in the case of organisations such as these that, unless the leaders held themselves responsible to the representatives of the rank and file meeting in annual conference, then the leaders were responsible to no one. The founders of the party tended to think of their parliamentary representatives primarily as mouth-pieces for the Labour movement outside parliament. Under-

standably enough, they did not envisage the day when the parliamentary party, elected by perhaps 13,000,000 voters (a majority of whom have no direct connection with the Labour movement) would become responsible for governing the country. But when this did happen, it became completely clear that internal-party democracy, as conceived by the founders of the party, was in fact incompatible with parliamentary government as it had operated hitherto in Britain. The active party supporters might continue to have great influence with the parliamentary leaders (as indeed they have); but it is clearly intolerable that, meeting in conference once a year for four and a half days, they should have the right to direct the parliamentary party on the whole range of issues with which it must deal. If in practice they did so, especially with the party in office, the annual conference would supersede parliament in importance and in authority.

When Labour became one of the two great parties in the state during the inter-war years, the parliamentary leaders were in fact rarely if ever at the mercy of the caprice of the conference. So long as the men at the top of the parliamentary party were reasonably united and retained the confidence (through intimate consultation) of a comparatively few great trade-union leaders, they were assured of what was, in effect, a pre-fabricated majority at the annual conference. Thus, to the chagrin of many of the militants, Mr. Attlee (as he then was) and his powerful team were rarely endangered by attacks from their left flank so long as they retained the confidence of men like Ernest Bevin (and subsequently Arthur Deakin), Sir Will Lawther, and others of the leading trade-union figures of the last twenty years.

But between 1951 and 1955 this constellation of power was smashed to pieces. As Mr. Attlee's remarkably long span of leadership drew to its close (he was in command longer than anyone else of any party in this century) a ferocious struggle for

the succession ensued. The parliamentary leadership was visibly and drastically disunited, and, in addition, most of Mr. Attlee's principal lieutenants, including Bevin, Cripps, Morrison, Dalton, and others, disappeared through reasons of death or age from top positions in the party. Simultaneously, and to complicate matters even further, a number of the prominent figures in the trade-union world also left office. As the struggle over personalities and policies raged within the party in parliament, at the annual conference and within the National Executive, it must have appeared doubtful to many observers whether Labour could any longer provide a stable alternative government. Certainly, I think, this helps to account for Labour's dismal showing in the election of 1955.

The first step toward the rehabilitation of the party occurred in the summer of 1955 with the appointment of the Wilson Committee; it undertook for the first time in a generation to examine the state of the party machinery. But the decisive development was the choice of the new party leader in December 1955. Mr. Gaitskell then became, in effect, shadow prime minister, and took over a post which Lord Attlee, for age and other reasons, had, in effect, abdicated even before his resignation as leader.

A Startling Transformation

Since Mr. Gaitskell's election, there has been a startling transformation within the party. As was to have been expected, the principal rebels of the interregnum, which had begun with the resignation of Mr. Bevan and others from the Cabinet in 1951, made their peace, one by one, with Labour's Prime Minister-designate; they now occupy positions of eminence in Labour's shadow cabinet. The new leader, his energies no longer drained away in internecine warfare, has devoted himself with great vigour to remodelling the party's social policies. His principal effort (now overwhelmingly endorsed by the party conference) has been to replace 'nationalisation' with the version of 'social equality' (in which he believes) as the centre-piece of the party's doctrine. The party is still vaguely committed by its constitution to work towards 'the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange' but this goal has clearly receded far over the horizon and perhaps even into outer space.

I am not arguing that the new Labour policy statement on common ownership will necessarily prove electorally popular; at the conference it did not seem to be very popular (nor very well understood by) a considerable proportion of the active party membership. Yet it was adopted by the conference by a majority of about four to one. Many of the leading trade unionists appeared to be personally unenthusiastic, yet almost all of them, except for the leaders of the National Union of Railwaymen, cast their block votes in support of the statement. Here, then, was the party machinery beginning to operate as it had in the golden age of Lord Attlee's leadership. The parliamentary leaders had first sought, as it were, the highest common factor of agreement among themselves on social ownership; they had given the trade unions an ample opportunity to comment in private and in advance of the party conference. The issue was, in this sense, decided before the conference ever assembled, and there was never any question of a revolt from the floor which might have struck the new policy document from the hands of Mr. Gaitskell and his colleagues. For good measure, the machinery was demonstrated in operation a second time at Brighton when Mr. Bevan secured a similarly sweeping majority against the proposal that Britain should unilaterally renounce the hydrogen bomb.

My remarks are not in the least intended to cast a cynical light on the operation of Labour Party machinery. The hard fact is that the Labour Party constitution would probably be as difficult to amend in any fundamental way as is the constitution of the United States. The party conference must therefore continue to appear to be the governing body of 'the whole movement'; the pretence must be maintained that it 'issues instructions' (in Lord Attlee's phrase) which are carried out by the parliamentary party. But in practice the party leaders, who fully accept the principles of parliamentary government, must see to it that, whether as cabinet or shadow cabinet, they assume primary responsibility for initiating and formulating policy. If Labour is to provide the country with a reasonably stable alternative government then, in

my view, the party machinery must work (or be worked) as it was at Brighton.

The Conservative Party conference this year was not in the same sense a climacteric in the life of the party. Conservative conferences in any case do not often play a major role in Conservative politics. They have done so on occasion, as, for example, when the parliamentary leadership was badly split in the early nineteen-thirties over its Indian policies. With Mr. Winston Churchill leading a powerful revolt on this issue against Baldwin, the matter was fought out at a series of meetings of the Conference and of the Central Council of the party. But the Conservative leaders normally have no serious difficulties with the conference for the simple reason that it is not, even in theory, a body which makes decisions on behalf of the whole party. In the eighteen-eighties, Lord Randolph Churchill did for a brief moment attempt to invest the party conference with some such authority. But partly as a result of this experience, Conservative leaders have firmly insisted ever since that the conference has purely advisory functions and they claim, rather ludicrously, that the party leader has sole responsibility for determining policy. In practice, of course, he shares this responsibility with all his principal colleagues, and he inevitably takes into account the views of his parliamentary supporters and, to a limited extent, of his supporters in the country.

None the less, this was an important Conservative conference as much for what it did not do as for what it did. To judge from by-elections and public opinion polls the party's fortunes are at a low ebb. This might well have been one of those rare and, indeed, classic occasions when the party conference explodes in criticism of its leaders. This would not have been disastrous for the government, but as Austen Chamberlain once remarked when the party conference looked as if it might condemn his policy for Ireland, it could be 'dashed awkward'. But in the event, this year's conference was extraordinarily docile, so much so that *The Daily Telegraph* was inclined to wonder whether 'one or two ding-dong battles such as those which the socialists indulged in a week earlier, might not have helped'. *The Telegraph* may well be right. But why, when the party's fortunes appear to be at so low an ebb, did no such battle ensue? Why did the conference not respond to the demand of one speaker who called on it to give the Government 'a good shove from behind'? Partly, no doubt, because of the Government's more vigorous attack on inflation; partly, also, because of the diversionary (and the inspirational) activities of Lord Hailsham. But many critics insist that the real reason the conference is so docile is that it is excessively stage managed.

'Stage-managing' the Conservative Conference

There is, I suspect, a considerable element of truth in this; first the conference managers submit the more moderate resolutions for debate and second they apply a rigid system of selection in deciding who will take part in a particular debate; unlike their opposite numbers at the Labour Conference, the conference managers require that those intending to speak in a debate should submit their names in writing in advance. It is therefore an easy matter for the Conservative conference managers to exclude from the debate those known to hold extremist (or silly) views or those who have already gone on record in criticism of the policies of the party leaders. On the other hand, the sieve which the party managers use for the purpose of eliminating those likely to cause embarrassment obviously has many large holes. And, since the representatives attending the conference are not mandated and since there is no equivalent to the 'block vote' the conference could in theory easily get out of hand. But one has the impression that the party managers are altogether too frightened of this possibility; as a result they often tone down the conference debates to the point where they fail to serve their essential function, that of providing a sounding board for the opinions of active Conservative supporters.

Perhaps the biggest surprise at Brighton was the fact that there was no frontal attack from the floor on the recent activities of the trade unions. During the inter-war years conference debates on industrial relations were a frequent source of embarrassment to Stanley Baldwin because they often resulted in militant resolutions

(continued on page 661)

Turkey's Attitude to the West

By BERNARD LEWIS

TO many Turks it seems today that their country is surrounded on almost every side by actual or potential enemies. To the north-east and the north-west are Russia and Bulgaria—the Communist Great Power and a Communist satellite, and both of them countries that the Turks regard, not without some reason, as their hereditary and traditional enemies. To the west lies Greece, nominally a Nato ally of Turkey; but since the Cyprus question became a burning issue the Turks have not reposed much confidence in the solidity of that alliance. To the south and east lie the three Muslim, Middle Eastern states of Syria, Iraq, and Persia, of which Syria and Iraq, but not Persia, are Arab countries—and of which Iraq and Persia, but not Syria, are members of the Baghdad Pact. The Persian frontier is fairly safe—besides being friendly, it is wild, difficult, and inaccessible country. Relations with Iraq, too, are satisfactory, especially since the two countries became fellow-members of the Baghdad Pact; but the Turks are uneasily aware that in the event of their becoming involved in a dispute with an Arab country the policy of Iraq would be determined by her loyalty to Arabism rather than by her loyalty to the Baghdad Pact.

Such a dispute has several times threatened between Turkey and Syria. Of all Turkey's frontiers, that with Syria is in many ways the most vulnerable, and a hostile regime in Syria is therefore a potential threat which no Turkish government can afford to disregard. The main railway line across southern Turkey lies just north of the Syrian frontier. Also within easy reach of Adana are the Gulf of Iskenderun and the rich and populous Adana district, a centre of agriculture, industry, and trade. This small but fertile plain, protected in the north by the Taurus mountains and the Anatolian plateau, and open to the sea through the ports of Mersin and Iskenderun, would, in a crisis, be a main route for supplies and reinforcements from Turkey's western allies, and a bastion for the defence of Anatolia. It is against this area that Syrian irredentist claims have more than once been raised. It is in this area that the threat of a hostile power in Syria would most immediately be felt.

Turkey is a pro-Western state—genuinely and sincerely identified with the West in the Cold War—and therefore out of step with most of the other states of the Middle East. In these other states the popular mood is unmistakably anti-Western, and even in those of them where pro-Western Governments are in power they are able to pursue their pro-Western policies only by guile, stealth, or force, in defiance of popular sentiment. But Turkey is different. Neighbours of Russia for centuries, the Turks are well acquainted with the facts of Russian overland expansion, and are not easily deceived as to its import. An old ruling people, they bring to the contemplation of international affairs a realism and a responsibility in marked contrast with the

rather more emotional attitudes of some of their neighbours.

It is precisely because of this realism that the Turks are unlikely to undertake any aggressive action against Syria. Still less founded is the accusation, levelled against them, that they are offering themselves as 'hired mercenaries of the West'. Turkey, it is true, has never wavered in her loyalty to the Western alliance, and has resisted the temptation, to which others have fallen, to play the game of blackmail and extortion. But, ironically enough, the accusation comes at a time when there has been a certain coolness in Turkey's attitude to the West—a mood of disappointment, even of disillusionment, with some of the policies of Turkey's Western allies. American financial aid has not been given on the

scale that the Turks thought necessary to deal with their present economic crisis; British and, still more, American policy on Cyprus has caused grave disquiet to Turks of all parties, who feel that Turkish interests have not received proper consideration. It was perhaps partly because of this feeling that a Turkish bank recently made a commercial agreement with a Russian agency, and that the Turkish Government, during the last few months, has been attempting a rapprochement with Egypt. It may, per-

haps, be because of this that the moment seemed opportune to 'turn the heat' on Turkey.

The firmness and clarity of Turkish policy, in the present crisis, is therefore all the more striking. Most Turks that I have spoken to do not regard the Syrian armed forces—or even the combined Syrian and Egyptian armed forces—as a danger which need cause them much concern. They are, however, profoundly disturbed by the reported building up, on their vulnerable southern frontier, of a depot of Russian arms and a nucleus of Russian military personnel, which could quickly be expanded in an emergency. The sabre-rattling of Damascus and the bluster of Moscow are unlikely to reassure them.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

It is nearly twenty years since Lord Hailey's monumental *African Survey* was first published. This 'Study of Problems arising in Africa south of the Sahara' was recognised as so objective and authoritative a source of information on African affairs that, two years later, the British Government, in a White Paper issued to parliament, acknowledged its obligations to the *Survey* for the recommendations made regarding research into matters affecting the Colonies. A new edition is now available (Oxford, 5 gns.), and so extensive have been the changes in the African scene that the task of revision, which was begun after the war, has necessitated a re-writing of the greater part of the book. The information it now contains is as complete as possible up to the end of 1955, while the more important developments that occurred last year are also referred to.



The Way to the Top in Industry

By A. D. BONHAM-CARTER

MY own industrial experience stems from a large international organisation which is mainly interested in the manufacture and distribution of consumer goods throughout the free world: some 50,000 men and women are employed in this country and a further 200,000 overseas. This is the background against which I am speaking, and I make no claim to speak for industry as a whole.

In any business of such magnitude, the task of developing the management of the future is vital. We place the main responsibility for it in the hands of the present managers, from the chairman at the top to the most recent entrant to management at the bottom. They have the assistance of experts in a central personnel division but the role of these people is an advisory one and the real success or failure of this work for the future lies with the managers themselves.

Changes in Recruitment

Before the war the majority of our potential seniors were recruited from the schools in the districts where the various factories were situated: indeed, the headmasters were virtually the selectors. But a big change took place after the war. In theory, the 1944 Education Act should have directed all young people with potential higher management ability towards a university: in practice it has not worked out like that, and there are still plenty of young men who will make good managers and who do not, for one reason or another, go to the university. But the change is there and industry's growing demand for graduates is evidence of it. And this is not the only change; the task of management has also become much more complex and, in consequence, industry needs a share of the best ability available if we are to survive in international competition. For example, not only has the progress of science produced a tremendous technical revolution calling for more highly skilled specialised knowledge, but the age of 'Theirs not to reason why' has gone: it is now accepted that every individual, however unskilled his job, has the right to have a view of his own and a right to express it. This, and other social developments, mean that the manager's task requires a greater capacity than ever before for policy making, taking advice, delegation, and executive action.

In looking for 'the way to the top' in industry I am not proposing to examine the careers of men of outstanding genius like, for example, Lord Leverhulme or Lord Nuffield. Much of the success of such men was due to an individuality which took them up new ways to new tops, and I suspect that if they could start again today they might not care to enter the businesses which they themselves created; they might prefer to strike out on their own again. I wonder, too, if their brilliance would be quickly recognised by their own successors. No, these rare men are the ones for whom no pattern can be made. The people I am discussing are men of more ordinary ambition and ability, and the first thing I want to suggest about them is that none is going to make his way to the top on his own. From the very outset, and right on through the development of a career, there are at least two people or sets of people involved: the employer and the employee. Indeed, at the very moment when a prospective employer is choosing a promising young man, whom he hopes will progress towards the top of his business, the young man himself is choosing the ladder up which he hopes to make his way to his personal top or ceiling: both of them have the same end in view.

In my own organisation this two-sided aspect of selection and development is something which we take seriously. It starts with the preliminaries to a selection board; that is to say, some time before a young man has joined us. Through our central personnel division we do all we can to make the business—and the sort of careers which it has to offer—known to the key people, careers masters, secretaries of appointments boards and so on, whose job

it is to advise young men on their careers. Selection is always a matter of human judgement and cannot be perfect, but if the method employed can be designed to open up the organisation for inspection just as much as the candidate, then the end result will more often be right from the point of view both of the employer and the employee.

I have used the word 'top' in my title and have referred to a young man's personal top or ceiling. My use of the expressions requires a word of explanation. Industry covers a tremendous variety both of size and activity and obviously the positions at the top vary widely too. Generally speaking, it is fair to say that the larger the organisation the higher the top must be: but in a large organisation there are a number of top positions. In my own business, for instance, we consider that there is a group of about 250 people who effectively form the policy of the different sections which make up the whole: they are all top of their particular field and I include them all in my title. So the joint task of employer and employee in building up a career is to direct men towards the top positions for which their particular abilities fit them, and one of the main difficulties is that neither employer nor young man can see far ahead. It is impossible to look at a man of twenty-five and say 'Here is a potential chairman', because no one has any idea how he will develop as his career unfolds. A young employee seems to look ten years ahead at the most, that is the limit of what he can picture at the time of his entry; his problem is that he still does not know what the top is and so he cannot match his assessment of himself against it. All attempts to explain it are limited in their effect because without experience to help him he is listening, as it were, to a foreign language.

Clearly it will take a little time before a young man understands the language. At the beginning there must be a period of training when he is learning the rudiments of whichever side of the business he has chosen, and here I may add that one look at my own board suggests that each side has about an equal chance, but I admit that things might be different in more technical industries. Some of this early work will inevitably be dull—but it is an essential preliminary to taking responsibility later on, and the important thing is that the young man should obtain full value from it: and then move on. Leadership, or the ability to manage, is not just a question of man-management, or a quality with which an individual is endowed at birth or not: it is something which grows out of his reaction to his environment. Because it is a growing thing it has to be reviewed regularly, which means that a young manager's seniors have the task of assessing his progress and helping him to develop to the full. It is, once again, a two-sided affair, and as the man himself acquires experience and the knowledge of the language which he lacked at the outset, he is able to see further and further ahead and reassess himself against the opportunities which lie in front of him: he is able to judge, better and better, whether his original choice of employer was a good one.

Movement from One Company to Another

In a large and varied organisation such as my own it is seldom that there is not enough scope for any man with ambition and ability, and we have no hesitation in moving him from one company to another to find the way ahead which seems to fit him best. This is done by his senior manager with the expert assistance of the central personnel division. But a change of employer is sometimes the right answer, and it is more often so in small organisations where there is less facility for internal movement. In American industry it is common and, if regarded as part of the process of finding the right way up to the right top, it is merely incidental: indeed there is much to be said in its favour and we may well see more of it in this country. Its disadvantage is that

each move jettisons part of a man's assets—his knowledge of an individual business.

What started me thinking about this talk was Dr. George Copeman's book, *Promotion and Pay for Executives*.^{*} He sets out to show the sort of rewards that may be expected as a man rises up the ladder and the sort of things he can do in order to increase his chances of promotion. I read the book with interest and it led me into thinking back over my own career.

When I started my career, jobs were considerably more scarce than they are now and there is no doubt that today's abundance of choice affects the attitude of young people when they are considering what they are going to do. I can honestly say that I never gave a thought to the danger of getting lost in a big organisation and becoming a mere cog in a machine. One hears more talk of this sort of thing now, but for the man of ability and ambition it is a danger which does not exist in a well-organised business, because an employer is investing a great deal of money in a management recruit and he simply cannot afford to allow ability to be lost and buried. But the ability and the will to use it must be there; so what it amounts to is that no man with well-founded confidence in himself need worry about cogs in machines.

Social and Educational Background

Then there is the question of a man's social and educational background. When I joined the business an Oxford accent was a rarity, at any rate at factory level. Things are different now. Admittedly an exaggerated accent of any kind can be something of a handicap to a starter but he will get over it all right if he is of the right calibre; I also remember long correspondence when I started as to whether I was to be known as Bonham-Carter or Carter—I do not suppose anyone would worry about that sort of thing today. Social and educational backgrounds are now immaterial in industry: what matters is the way in which a man uses his qualities and knowledge, not how he acquired them. For the reasons which I pointed out earlier, industry looks to the universities for a higher proportion of its management than before but the universities have no monopoly in ability, nor has any one type of school education. Different schools, and kinds of schools, tend to develop different good qualities—most of which can be used in industry.

Another relatively new worry is the moment when promotion means moving over from a specialist field into general management: a young manager is inclined to wonder if the high degree of specialisation which modern industry demands is going to make it difficult for him to take a position in which he is in command of specialist managers from fields other than his own. The reason for this is not only that specialisation is much greater but also there is a tendency to concentrate industry into fewer and larger units which makes it more difficult to learn about the sides of the business other than one's own.

But because it is more of a problem more specific steps are taken to deal with it today. Many of the big organisations like mine have residential courses where this sort of thing is tackled, and use is also made of outside courses as well; and these are only two examples of the sort of thing which is done to help get over this obstacle.

But the main problems of the up-and-coming manager are still the old ones and are likely to revolve round relationships with others, particularly immediate seniors. Obviously some senior managers are better than others at handling their juniors, and it will be an unusual career which avoids all those who are less good at it. My personal experience has been lucky and I have never been up against a senior whom I could not respect or who was not prepared to delegate responsibility to me or take me into his confidence. That does not mean that I have never felt that I ought to be progressing more quickly—I certainly have; but I have been able to talk to my manager frankly and calmly about it, and he has been able to curb my impatience even though I have not always agreed with his arguments. But I have known of less fortunate people and even of one or two who have left us because they felt they were being frustrated. Actually it was not a bad thing, as they did well for themselves elsewhere, thus proving that we were really guilty of holding them back and we were given a sharp lesson. But they were exceptional, and it is very seldom that a senior manager is not prepared to be open with a junior.

Senior men more often than not take a pride in bringing on the young men under them: there is reflected glory in having contributed to the development of a top man; and even being passed by him, so long as it is done with tact and skill, does not seem to cause more than fleeting pangs of jealousy. But, of course, there are frustrating managers and there are times when patience can be sorely tried; in such moments it is worth remembering that the top people are not fools, they know how much of the work should really go to the credit of the junior and which senior manager handles his juniors less well than others.

The speed at which a man progresses certainly affects the top level which he will ultimately reach—but the two are inseparable. Promotion during the final ten years of a career is rare, so a man who enters a management career at twenty-five and retires at sixty-five has thirty years in which to reach his ceiling, with a final ten years at it. Assuming that four to five years is a normal period for remaining in a management position, it means that a man should be within two steps of his ceiling by forty-five—which means well up the ladder by the time he is forty. Senior managers must remember this if, as they grow older themselves, they are tempted to regard youngsters of forty as immature for positions of real responsibility: they must have it by then if they are going through to the top.

Clearly I must comment on remuneration although it is always difficult to discuss it in a vacuum, particularly so in times of inflation. The responsibility for seeing that a man is properly paid lies with the employer who must make sure that he offers salaries which are in line with the market rate for the job: this is so important that in my organisation we have a senior executive whose sole task it is to advise on management salaries. But my experience is that remuneration is not the main incentive for the sort of men we have been considering; even if they are underpaid for a time they do not cease to give 100 per cent. effort. It is the job itself which is the incentive and they do not have to be made to work. Please do not misunderstand me on this point: an employer cannot afford to underpay, but it is not the salary which makes an ambitious and able man stretch himself to his limit. Moreover remuneration cannot be fixed at the right level by mathematics—there will be times when a man is probably right in thinking he is somewhat underpaid and, frankly, there will probably be times when he is somewhat overpaid, if he will admit it. But just as in the case of responsibility a man must be well on the way after nine or ten years' service, so he can expect his level of remuneration to be moving along parallel with it; if it is not he can afford to make something of a fuss, but my advice would always be against asking for a rise if it can be avoided.

Valuable Experience

I would say to every ambitious and able young man who is choosing to make his career in industry: first, you must realise that the way to the top is something which has to be worked out with your employer, and although you have to fight your way up in the face of keen competition your employer is not one of your competitors but is just as keen that you should reach the top as you are. Secondly, you will best get there by squeezing all you can out of every position you hold and out of the experience of every man you serve or meet: pick their brains, study their successes and their failures; never be afraid to ask questions or put new ideas, but do not get upset or angry if they are not accepted at first, and do not assume that the other man's judgement is wrong. Maybe it is, but it is just as likely that your idea was not quite right. Finally, look after your health—if you are really going to the top enormous demands are going to be made on your time and strength and you cannot afford to be careless.

Just over twenty-eight years ago, on my first day in our organisation I was summoned by the chairman. I expected, in my youthful ignorance, to be given some weighty advice by a somewhat disinterested demi-god—I prayed that I would at least understand what he said to me. I learned a lesson which I have never forgotten: he talked very simply, as great men usually do, and I came out with tremendous enthusiasm for him as a man and, because of him, for this organisation. His advice was so simple: 'You do not need to be a genius to get to the top of this business. Learn to apply common sense and to work rather harder than the other chap'.—*Third Programme*

The Collapse of the Russian Liberals

The third of six talks by SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART

BY the end of my last talk* I had experienced the collapse of Tsarism almost without a blow in its defence. I had seen also that the almost bloodless revolution had produced a dangerous duality of power.

In what did this duality of power consist? The Duma—the Russian parliament—was composed mainly of Liberal politicians who desired a parliamentary regime which would continue the war to a victorious end. The Soviets, the workers' councils, were the stronghold of the representatives of the people who had risen *en masse* at the first appeal. They stood for peace at almost any price, for social and material equality, for the partition of the land, and, in short, for a social and not merely a political revolution.

New Provisional Government

The new provisional Government, which assumed its functions on the day on which the Tsar abdicated, was composed mainly of Liberals. It was headed by Prince Lvov. The only Socialist was Alexander Kerensky, who was then Minister of Justice and was the link between the Government and the Petrograd (formerly the St. Petersburg) Soviet. I had several friends among the Liberal Ministers. I was to become—and still am—a close friend of Alexander Kerensky, for whom I interpreted at his first meeting with the British Ambassador, Sir George Buchanan. The gulf between the provisional Government and the Soviets was too wide to be bridged by one man, and in my first despatch on the revolution to Sir George I wrote: 'It seems impossible that the struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat can be liquidated without further bloodshed. When this clash will come no one knows, but the outlook for the war is full of foreboding'.

Meanwhile, in Britain, Lloyd George and many of the British left-wing politicians hailed the revolution not only as a great progressive step, but also as a valuable aid to victory. It is certain that Lloyd George wished to encourage the Russians, though I doubt if he really could have believed that the new Russia, exhausted economically and physically, would spring to arms again with a new fervour. Nevertheless, both the French and the British Governments were eager to keep Russia in the war, and their pressure on Russia was to prove one of the greatest assets to the Bolsheviks in their effort to seize power.

The Socialists' Dilemma

In March 1917, however, no one took the Bolsheviks seriously. In all parts of the country both the workers and the soldiers in the Soviets were overwhelmingly Social-Revolutionaries and Mensheviks, with the Social-Revolutionaries predominating. Many of them were idealists and men of high intellect. In Moscow I had to make new friends among the Socialists and got on with them very well. The great difficulty was that, whereas we in the West wanted them to fight on until ultimate victory, with all the prizes which victory might bring, they wished to get out of the war as quickly as possible, but were not prepared to make a dishonourable peace. Urnov, the president of the Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies in Moscow, was a very decent fellow who was greatly tormented by this dilemma. He was unwilling to allow Germany to seize any Russian territory, and on the whole favoured a defensive war. He was, however, opposed to war propaganda, and when Colonel Bromhead, a British staff officer, who twenty years earlier had been one of the founders of the Gaumont Film Company, came to Moscow to show his films of the Western Front in a Moscow theatre, Urnov would not allow anyone else but me to make the speech and explain the action of the films. They were not a success. The vast array of western

armaments shown did more to dismay the Russians than to encourage them.

The real trouble was the deep-seated difference between the mentality of East and West. Russia is a nation of extremes, both in climate and in character. Tsarism had been the essence of autocracy. When it was overthrown, the new Russia went over in twenty-four hours to the fullest democracy ever known. The censorship was abolished; the prisons were thrown open; free speech flourished at every street corner; newspapers blossomed like primroses in a warm early spring. Within a few days of the actual overthrow of Tsarism, *Social-Democrat*, a Bolshevik daily, appeared in Moscow. Its first article called for an end to the war and contained a bitter attack on Britain. Although the Bolshevik leaders had not yet come back from exile, their minions in Russia were able, in the prevailing conditions, to win adherents to their propaganda.

The return of the leaders, however, was not long delayed. The first to arrive was Stalin, who reached Petrograd on March 25 and at once took over the editorship of *Pravda*. The Germans were clever enough to allow Lenin to pass through Germany in a sealed railway carriage. He arrived in Petrograd on April 16 and was welcomed even by the Menshevik leaders. All these arrivals meant trouble to the provisional Government, and the first big row was over Russia's secret treaties with the allies. Miliukov, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, had sent a Note to the allies declaring that Russia held herself bound by her agreements. These included for Russia the prize of Constantinople and control of the entrance to the Black Sea. The anti-imperialist Petrograd Soviet howled for Miliukov's removal. He had to go, and the Government was reformed. Five Socialists joined the new Cabinet, but the most important change was the promotion of Kerensky, the man of the hour, from Minister of Justice to Minister of War.

Trotsky Arrives in Petrograd

The government changes were announced on May 18. On the previous day another exile who was to influence mightily the destiny of Russia had arrived in Petrograd. He was Lev Davidovitch Trotsky. He was not yet a Bolshevik, but the British authorities in Canada had done their best to drive him into Lenin's arms, for, while allowing him a visa to return to Russia, they had made the gross blunder of taking his fingerprints. Trotsky was not amused.

I was not to meet either Lenin or Trotsky until 1918, but from the moment they returned to Russia they were to create increasing trouble for the unhappy provisional Government and, above all, for Kerensky. Lenin, short and squat, with bald head, high forehead, and short-trimmed beard and moustache, was the brain of the Bolshevik Party. Just forty-seven, he was the eldest of the Bolshevik leaders. Trotsky, very dark, broad-shouldered, and, like Lenin, bearded and moustached, was the Jewish man of action. The most remarkable thing about him was the brilliance of his eyes which seemed to glow with energy. Temperamentally he was like an artist, gracious when all was going well and like a thundercloud when he was in a rage. As an orator, he was a master of invective. His real name was Bronstein. Lenin's real name was Ulianov. On May 8, 1887, his elder brother, Alexander, was hanged for plotting against the Tsar. Lenin was then just seventeen, and the tragedy had a profound influence on the course of his own life.

Curiously enough, both Lenin and Kerensky were born in the same town of Simbirsk, now named Ulianovsk, and on the death of Lenin's father, Kerensky's father became the guardian of the Ulianov family. Kerensky, clean-shaven, erect, with close-cropped head and slightly Mongolian features, had made his reputation as a lawyer who defended in the courts political opponents of



General Brusilov, 'the most popular Russian general', who commanded the ill-fated offensive against the Germans on July 1, 1917

Tsarism. He was a great orator who could draw tears from even the strong-hearted. He still is a kind and humane man with a deep sense of decency. These were the three men who were to be the chief actors in the tragedy of Russia.

From the moment when he set foot on Russian soil again, Lenin had his plans cut and dried. The provisional Government must go. All power must be with the Soviets. The war must be stopped. The land must be taken over at once by the

and Zinoviev, his chief lieutenant, were forced to disguise themselves and flee to Finland. The courageous Trotsky remained and, indeed, did his best to provoke his arrest, but the Soviet Socialists, though supporting Kerensky, were opposed to any form of punishment for even the most violent speeches. Was not freedom of the written and spoken word now sacrosanct!

Nevertheless, the Bolsheviks lost ground through their failure in

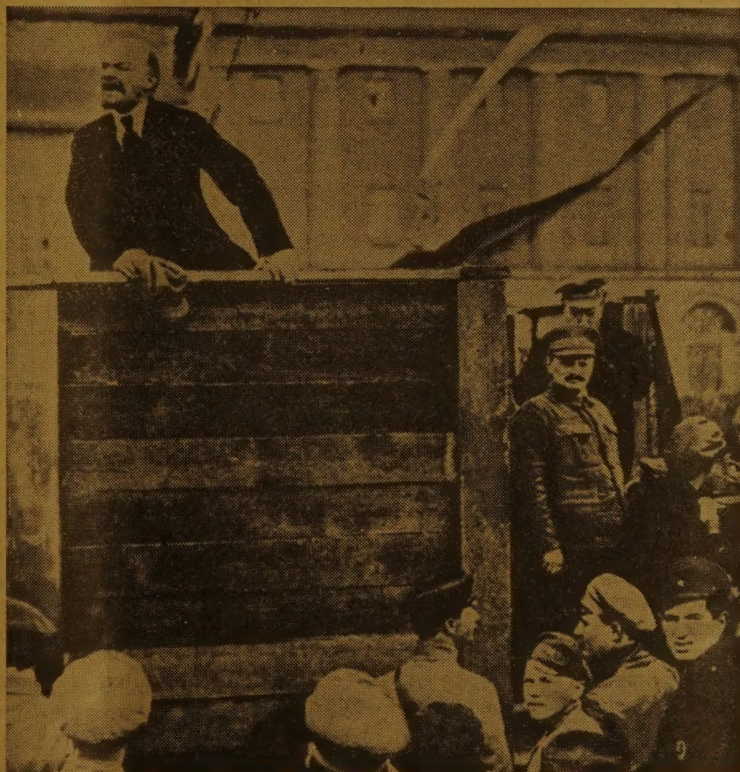


Alexander Kerensky: a photograph taken when he was Prime Minister of the Russian Government in 1917, after the overthrow of Tsarism

peasants. The first big clash between Lenin and Kerensky took place on June 17 during the first All-Russian Congress of Soviets in Petrograd. Lenin repeated his four points. In his reply Kerensky drew a parallel between the French Revolution and Lenin's policy and predicted that violent methods would not only destroy the newly won liberties of the February Revolution but would inevitably end in a dictatorship. He also pointed out that this was exactly what the Tsarist reactionaries and the Bolsheviks wanted. It was Kerensky's victory. At the Congress the majority against the Bolsheviks was more than five to one.

In the streets and in the villages, however, the odds were piling up against Kerensky almost daily. Pressure by France and Britain for a Russian offensive was polite but continuous, and delegations of British and French trade unionists and Socialists were sent to Petrograd and Moscow to persuade the Russians to remain in the war. Yielding to this persuasion, Kerensky launched his offensive on July 1. He hoped for success which would give him the control and support of the army. The offensive was under Brusilov, the most popular Russian general, and was approved by the central executive committee of the Petrograd Soviet. For a fortnight Brusilov advanced successfully. Then came the German counter-attack, and the Russians collapsed. It was the end of any serious fighting against the Germans.

The military collapse was the best of all materials for the Bolshevik propaganda, and on July 18 there was a haphazard rising in Petrograd which was more a display of ugly temper than an attempt at revolution. It was easily put down, and Lenin



Lenin addressing a meeting in Moscow in 1917. Standing on the right (in uniform) is Trotsky

what are now called 'the July days'. They were, however, to be given new strength from a totally unexpected source. On July 21 Prince Lvov resigned, and Kerensky became head of a new Government which included still more Socialists. The changes made no difference. The fatal dual power, which had strangled all decision, continued, for, while the Soviet refused to govern, it would not allow the Ministers to do so. As chaos and famine increased, an ugly situation developed. While the Bolshevik propaganda continued to make new adherents, it occurred to many reactionaries who disliked the Kerensky regime that it would be a good plan to let Lenin win. It was impossible, they thought, that the Bolsheviks could last more than six weeks. Then the way would be open for the restoration of Tsardom.

In a country of extremes it is always the moderate middle which collapses. It was a military coup by the Right which was to destroy Kerensky and exalt Lenin. This will be the subject of my next talk.—*European Service*

Among recent books are *Jamaica: Land of Wood and Water*, by Fernando Henriques, illustrated by Rosamund Seymour (MacGibbon and Kee, 25s.); *The Land of Look Behind: a Study of Jamaica*, by Mona Macmillan (Faber, 21s.); *British Guiana: the Land of Six Peoples*, by Michael Swan (H.M.S.O., 25s.); *African Tapestry*, by Margaret Trowell (Faber, 21s.); *The Fountain of the Sun: Unfinished Journeys in Ethiopia and the Ruwenzori*, by Douglas Busk (Parrish, 35s.); *Forgotten Islands of the South Seas*, by Bengt Danielsson (Allen and Unwin, 18s.); and *Princes of Zinj: The Rulers of Zanzibar*, by Genesta Hamilton (Hutchinson, 21s.).

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

No Easy Task

MR. MAURICE CRANSTON, whose excellent life of John Locke, the philosophical father of liberalism, was recently reviewed in our columns, gave a broadcast talk last week on 'Byways of Biography', which is published elsewhere in this number. His talk throws several revealing side-lights on the problems of a biographer and shows it is a less easy job than many people think. There are of course different kinds of biography. If one writes the life of a relatively obscure figure, a little-known poet, say, or an eccentric lady, one is under a plain obligation to ensure that every scrap of material about the subject is discovered and embedded somewhere or other in the book. Equally if it is a well-known public figure who left voluminous manuscripts behind him, like Gladstone or the first Duke of Newcastle then one has to be sure that one's critics are not in the position to fall upon one for omitting some significant document. Academic biographers have to be particularly careful in this respect, for they are aware that their colleagues are always lying in wait for them. Sir Lewis Namier once gave up writing a book he had planned because some manuscripts in private hands were not made available to him. This was a fine example of scientific perfectionism. On the other hand, when Dr. Trevelyan wrote his book on the reign of Queen Anne he had to consider whether he could do so at a time when a ban had been imposed upon the Marlborough manuscripts at Blenheim Palace. Eventually he decided to manage on what had been published together with copies that had providentially been deposited in the British Museum. It was a sound decision, for his book lost comparatively little from the hiatus.

Other biographies, dealing with famous figures from popular angles, are a very different genre. They used to be produced pretty frequently in the early Jazz Age. There were a number of professional biographers varying from Hilaire Belloc to authors of lesser calibre who would turn out biographies upon a wide range of subjects, giving them a suitable psychological or religious twist or making them 'colourful' enough to interest a film studio. This type of biography is seldom seen in the post-war world. Publishers and readers have become more discriminating. And even potted biographies are now usually written by acknowledged experts.

But the result of the high standard of knowledge and research now properly demanded of biographers is that unless an author strikes exceptionally lucky or is commissioned to undertake the work by some wealthy organisation he is likely to find it a hard and unprofitable grind. The primary authorities for such works are rarely piled together in some convenient repository. They may be—in the case of John Locke they are—scattered throughout the world. On some subjects one has to go to California or perhaps—owing to the activities of Lord Beaverbrook—to New Brunswick to carry out satisfactory research. All that costs time and money, quite apart from the inevitable expenses of clerical assistance, indexing, and the like. Unquestionably biography is, except for the lucky few, laborious and poorly paid work. The biographer has only his personal satisfaction and a little prestige as his rewards. If one *must* write a book and possesses an imaginative gift, it is probably wiser to try a novel.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Middle East

THE SITUATION in the Middle East continued to be the main subject of radio and press comment last week, and once again Soviet and satellite commentators emphasised the gravity of the alleged Turkish-Syrian tension and reiterated their accusations against the West and Turkey. A Moscow home commentator dismissed the British Foreign Office statement that no danger of a military attack on Syria existed, and declared:

Such an assurance sounds, to say the least, hypocritical. The people's memory is not as short lived as that of some of the British leaders. People remember well the reassurances given in London and Paris only twenty-four hours before the Anglo-French-Israeli forces penetrated Egyptian territory. It is not accidental that the above-mentioned statement by the Foreign Office is accompanied by the dispatch to the Israeli coast of new British and American naval forces. It seems that the methods of the organisers of new adventures and conflicts in the Middle East do not change. The world public has every reason to be on its guard against the dangerous game with fire being played in this area by the ruling circles of the U.S.A. with the co-operation of their British partner.

Another Moscow broadcast, directed to the Arab countries, made the same point that the West

wants to repeat the Suez adventure in Syria and to make another attempt to stifle by force the national liberation movement of the peoples of the East. The U.S.A. is not confining itself this time to the role of one who gives instructions from behind the scene, but circumstances have changed a great deal since the aggression against Egypt, and not in favour of the imperialists. The unity of the Arab countries and the power of the Soviet Union have grown stronger. The Soviet Union calls for peace not because it is frightened of war. Only a few naive people would believe this after the recent successes scored by science and technology in the U.S.S.R.

Cairo radio, in an attack on American policy, had this to say:

The Soviet Union has offered us unconditional aid. It has also announced that it respects our independence and neutrality. Is Dulles prepared to follow the Russian example? If he does, then the problem between us will have been solved. But if he continues his policy of conspiracies and incitement, the world will know who is pushing it into war. The U.S.A. and her satellites will know that they will be the first victims of Dulles' evil and insane policy.

A Turkish opinion was quoted from the newspaper *Ulus*:

What Russia is thinking of protecting is not Syrian territory, which is never likely to be the target of aggression, but the group of Syrian politicians who are pro-Russian. The threat to these politicians, however, does not come from outside but from within Syria herself.

In France, the newspaper *Le Monde* is quoted as saying that the West now finds itself on the defensive, and goes on to say:

The first step to be taken is neither to prepare for a United Nations' verbal battle nor to compete with Soviet-Arab propaganda. It is high time that the United States, in agreement with her allies, proceeded to revise her Arab policy.

And, finally, here is an American opinion from the newspaper *Philadelphia Inquirer*:

Moscow is realistic enough to know that its plotting might produce outright war, and it is seeking in advance to blame others. The U.S.A. should welcome the opportunity, with the General Assembly in session, to lift the Middle East situation out of the realm of fantasy and Soviet manipulation and straighten it out in the minds of those most directly concerned, the Middle East peoples.

The decision of the Yugoslav Government to recognise the East German Government has also been widely commented upon. East German and Czechoslovak commentators have hailed this 'realistic' and 'logical' Yugoslav step as a contribution to peace and socialist solidarity. A West German newspaper, the *Berliner Zeitung*, is quoted as saying that: 'with this step Tito has proved that he belongs heart and soul to the Eastern bloc'. The *New York Times* describes President Tito's decision as a victory for the Soviet Union and a defeat for the West, while the French newspaper *Le Monde* argues that it is all a part of his attempted reconciliation with the Soviet Union.

Did You Hear That?

RESTORING WALL PAINTINGS AT WINCHESTER

IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL work has begun on the restoration of some medieval wall paintings which are in a dangerously frail condition. VIVIAN OGILVIE visited the cathedral and spoke in 'The Eye-witness' about the novel methods that are being used.

These paintings are not on the flat surface of an upright wall, but on the curved surfaces of a vaulted roof over the Guardian Angels' Chapel. It is on these curving surfaces that an artist called Master William painted twenty angels in the year 1241. Each angel is enclosed in a circle. Later in the same century another artist added a pattern of leaves and flowers between the circles. Altogether it is a fine example of early English art. But 700 years gives plenty of time for deterioration, and the problem today is that the surface with the paintings on it is coming away from the plaster behind. I went up the scaffolding and saw what has happened. If you press, the surface gives, rather like a piece of ordinary ceiling that is threatening to come down.

Professor Baker, of the Royal College of Art, and Mrs. Baker, who specialise in the preservation of medieval wall paintings, have been called in to save these awkwardly placed treasures. Mrs. Baker explained the problems to me. The vault is made of rubble—that is all right. Over this a thickness of plaster was made, and then a coat of limewash on which the painting was done. This coat is all right, but the plaster was badly mixed in the first place, and is now rotten.

Thirty years ago the vault was given first-aid treatment: the loose pieces were covered with hair net held by wax, and they have not fallen off yet. But they will unless they are made secure. Professor and Mrs. Baker decided that the rotten plaster must be removed, and replaced, and they thought up a method that is completely new. They cover a portion of the surface with fine transparent silk stuck on with a special adhesive: then they cut out the painting in sections following the lines of the drawing. When a section is taken out the plaster that was behind it is removed and the space filled with new plaster. The back of the picture is cleaned, a little plaster is applied to it and it is put back and pressed into position. This has to be done quickly, in about fifteen seconds, or the piece of the picture might get too moist to handle.

It is a tricky business, and special equipment has had to be devised to hold the restored pieces against the variously curved surfaces until they are dry. The work may take a couple of years, but when it is done this lovely vault will be firmer than it ever was, and the paintings will have been cleaned and restored to something like their original brightness.

CARAVAN HOLIDAY

'I do not like caravans', said ARTHUR MARSHALL in a Light Programme talk. 'I spent four years as a boy in the school O.T.C. and ever since then I have avoided as far as possible tents, primus stoves, earwigs, chancy sanitary arrangements and life in the open

in general. I am not suggesting a caravan is a tent, but it is not a house, and it is in houses that I really like to spend my time.

However, some years ago, I was set upon by some friends. I will call the Bensons and urged to join them on a caravanning holiday. Their caravan was, they assured me, the very latest thing. Cosy beds came whizzing down from the walls at the touch of a button. It was possible to have a bath standing up in a sort of cupboard behind the kitchenette. The dining-table could be coaxed

into a miniature billiards board so that, in inclement weather, we could pot the pills till the sun came through. Alas, I was too young to have learnt how to refuse unwelcome invitations and I must have seemed to the Bensons delightfully enthusiastic with my polite cries of "Splendid" and "Jolly good".

We were to go to Devon, in August. Some time in July I was treated to a preview of the Benson's caravan in the Benson's garden at Chalfont St. Giles. It looked a very small caravan from the outside and its inside caused an immediate attack of claustrophobia. It was primrose yellow in colour and the window curtains were in an orange chintz.

The day for our departure duly came round and at a depressingly early hour we chugged off from Chalfont St. Giles. The Benson's car was to drag us to our resting place in Devon and in the front of the Bensons' car sat Mr. and Mrs. Benson, and on the back seat sat I, while behind me the primrose caravan could be seen joggling about through the rear window. From where I sat, I could easily have strangled both the Bensons with my sock suspenders but in the end I decided against it.

We stopped here and there en route and by tea-time we had arrived in hilly Devonshire country with the road becoming increasingly winding and difficult. We had gone up a very long hill and were enjoying the superb view from the top when we had immediately to plunge down a long incline with some rather alarming bends in it. Mr. Benson was negotiating these with skill when I became aware that another vehicle was trying, rather rashly I thought, to pass us. Out of the corner of my eye I had seen it creeping up and then, as it suddenly gathered speed and drew level, I saw that it was another caravan.

Mr. Benson was having some difficulty in keeping his car to the narrow road space, and what with swaying about and shouting "We're rather near the hedge", I did not have time fully to realise that the caravan alongside us was mysteriously moving under its own power and appeared to be unattached. I also thought it rather an odd coincidence that it was exactly the same primrose colour as our own and that in the windows swung and fluttered some orange chintz curtains.

And then, with a great upsurge of joy and relief, I saw that it was our own caravan which had brilliantly uncoupled itself and was now proceeding apace down the hill without us. Not for an instant did I intend that the Bensons' car should impede its progress. "Stop!" I cried, and the alarmed Mr. Benson clapped



The Guardian Angels' chapel, Winchester Cathedral, showing the ceiling which is being restored

National Buildings Record

on all brakes. The caravan shot away from us and went careering, hell for leather, to destruction. "Oh, Jim, look!" said Mrs. Benson, with a catch in her voice. I was, of course, sorry for them, but it was with no catch in anything that I watched the primrose caravan leave the road, shoot up into the air over a grass hump, and then smash itself delightfully down on to a rock. It split itself most satisfactorily into a great many pieces and though some of my possessions were damaged beyond repair I sacrificed them with a happy heart. And have you ever heard a really enormous crash of crockery? Enough crockery, perhaps, for three persons for a fortnight? There is no more satisfying sound on earth'.

WHERE TO WRITE A NOVEL

'If you are in the mood to write', said L. P. HARTLEY in 'Just Published' (West of England Home Service), 'you can write almost anywhere, and if you are not in the mood you can write nowhere. Up to a point I find the pressure of time a stimulus. My working environment has to have a clock and a calendar in it. But beyond that point it is a hindrance and sometimes a torture. Being short of time may help one to write an article, but for creative work I think one needs the sense of unlimited time, so that ideas can float into one's mind unbidden. The subconscious self, which is the seat of imagination, is not to be hurried, at least not hurried by one's conscious mind. Sometimes it gathers pace, like a toboggan, but it does not respond to outside pressure: outside pressure cramps and paralyses it. So, in a way, the best conditions for creative work are conditions which impose the fewest restrictions on the subconscious mind. The subconscious mind, alas, is much easier to check than it is to stimulate.'

'The presence of such noises as pneumatic drills or banging doors will almost certainly stop it working, but it is much less certain that their absence will start it working. Interruption of almost any kind is fatal to it, but it does not always thrive on silence and solitude either. Then it listens to itself and gets bored. It has to have the help of the conscious mind, the mind that controls the pen and the typewriter, there must be a continual liaison between them, and the problem is how to establish that liaison and keep it up; in my case, I am afraid, by smoking, which allays the surface irritation of the mind, by getting up and walking about, which does the same, and, dare I add, by an occasional glass of something which cheers but does not too much intoxicate. Also at times by wriggling and making faces, which is one reason why I do not like to work with anybody watching me. These are outside aids to the imagination and can be as effective in the hotel bedroom as in your private sanctum if you have one. Indeed, sometimes more effective, for there you are immune from household cares, it is a fortress as a railway carriage is, supposing you can write in the train and do not mind the other passengers staring at your defenceless features.'

'I wish I could specify the exact conditions that I find most suitable for working, but I think that, tobacco apart, the negative is more essential to them than the positive, the absence of restraints than the presence of incentives. But if I cannot specify them I can recognise them when they come by a sort of inward tingling and expectancy and an excitement'.

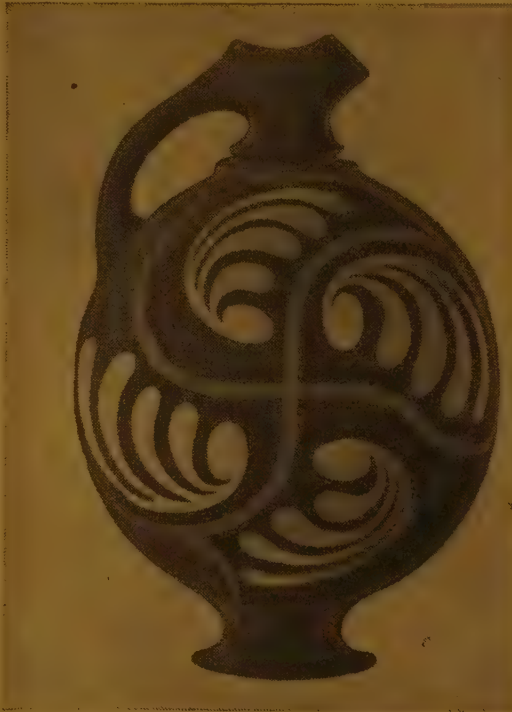
MEMORIES OF TWO ACTOR-MANAGERS

'Sir Herbert Tree', said W. MACQUEEN-POPE in a General Overseas Service talk, 'had an incurable sense of humour, his wit was spontaneous, his riposte like a rapier. We did "Macbeth" and the Chief, as we called him, said, "Now there's battles in

Macbeth and that's the job of soldiers. Get me real soldiers for the battle scenes". We got fifty guardsmen and rehearsed them. The dress rehearsal came and they knew what to do. Armed with their swords, shields and spears they knocked each other out—they hacked lumps off the scenery and one cut a huge hole in the backcloth. Immediately Tree stopped the rehearsal. "Soldiers", he said, "listen to me. Never hit a backcloth when it's down".

'Sir George Alexander's theatre, St. James's, was run with the utmost dignity and the utmost efficiency. He himself set the example. One afternoon, many years ago now, two young members of his company went to tea together in Bond Street. Bond Street then was a most fashionable place. The young man wore a black slouch hat, a Norfolk jacket (what we call a sports coat) and tweed trousers. The young lady wore a tweed walking costume. They were going along arm in arm, laughing and talking. Suddenly, they observed Sir George Alexander watching them. He wore his shiny topper, his immaculate morning coat and vest, grey

trousers on the crease of which you could have cut your fingers, and patent boots. On his hands were gloves fitting like skin, in his hand he carried a gold knobbed walking stick. He lifted his tall hat and spoke to those young people. "It gives me pleasure", he said, "to see two young people of my company enjoying themselves. It is what I like, what I desire. But I would ask them to remember that this is Bond Street, at the fashionable hour, and that they are members of the St. James's Theatre Company. And membership of that Company entails certain sartorial obligations. I need say no more". Bowing with a grave smile, he passed on. Neither of those two young people ever forgot that lesson in the dignity of their calling. The young man was Henry Ainley and the young lady Dame Lilian Braithwaite'.



A Minoan pottery flask from Knossos, Crete, decorated with a swastika design

From 'The Palace of Minos' by Sir Arthur Evans (Macmillan)

THE SWASTIKA IN FOLKLORE

'The swastika', said ANIL DE SILVA in 'London Calling Asia', 'is found in the pre-Aryan Indian civilisation of the Indus valley as long ago as 3,000 B.C. on the clay seals unearthed there in large quantities. Scholars do not know exactly what the swastikas meant to this society, but in Mesopotamia the swastika was a symbol of the sun, and as there was a

close contact between these two civilisations it may have meant the same thing in the Indus valley. As all these civilisations were pre-Aryan, the idea that the swastika was a pure Aryan symbol is based on a false premise.

'In early Egyptian art the swastika, together with the double snake motif, is associated also with a bird or deer or some other four-footed animal. There is an ancient clay tablet which shows several animals in a row with swastikas which look like a simplified form of these animals. In the Mediterranean countries, however, swastikas are generally associated with birds. Often in early Greek vases a bird and swastika were shown together as if the artist were sometimes showing the symbol in its realistic form and sometimes in its abstract form. In Europe the stork was considered a sacred bird, and the swastika with its straight lines has most probably been taken from a stork in flight. Another symbol it represented in the Mediterranean was the octopus. The octopus was a sacred symbol particularly in Aegean Greece, the shape of this animal too was gradually modified and simplified till it became a curly sort of swastika. Ancient potters actually showed this evolution on their vases.

'The swastika is in fact a simple stylised form that primitive people easily found under their searching fingers. It may have been born in India or China, and in some countries it had a religious symbolism. In early Greece it was a natural simplification of a bird or octopus, both of them were originally symbols of the tribes who lived there'.

Byways of Biography

By MAURICE CRANSTON

I HAVE always thought biographies the most enjoyable kind of book to read. At the very least they tell a story, which is more than can be said for many modern novels; and they never fail to teach one something, so that the pleasure of reading them is fortified by the sense—the rather priggish sense, perhaps—that one is improving the mind. But a biography is not, I have discovered, an unmixed pleasure to write. Admittedly I have written only one, but it has been enough to make me realise that the satisfactions of such work are well balanced by the pains; there is a good deal of rough to be taken with the smooth.

Letters to the Editor

The beginning is easy enough. One writes that letter to the editors of selected papers: 'Sir, I am writing a biography of so-and-so. If any of your readers have letters from him or other documents, I should be grateful if they would kindly let me see and copy them. Every care will be taken', and so forth. Such letters to editors may sometimes bring in rich harvests of material. The yield of mine was moderate. The letter introduced me to several strangers who were interested in my subject; I made one or two new friends; and half a dozen kind people sent me useful information. My address was put on to the lists of mail-order establishments: I began to receive religious tracts and catalogues of hire-purchase clothing stores and football coupons. I even received from America, from a private college in Missouri, a letter offering me the degree of doctor of philosophy in recognition of my scholarship—I thought at the time it should be precognition—and requiring a fee of only \$200 to include the registration and the robes. I smiled at the offer then, I remember, but later I had occasion to wonder if I should not have done better to have taken it.

Other letters came from people with curious illusions. The subject of my book was a seventeenth-century figure, a great man with a world-wide reputation; and several correspondents wrote to say that they were directly descended from him. I had the sad duty of telling them that he had died without legitimate issue certainly, and almost certainly without natural issue. But even this did not shake the faith of one or two that he was their undoubted ancestor, and they sent me snapshots to prove it. Was there not, they demanded, an obvious physical resemblance?

A secondary purpose of that letter to the editors is that it stakes a claim to the subject. Other prospective biographers are warned off the field. Nobody wants to have two biographies of the same man coming out within a short space of time, for each serves only to kill the market for the other. I will admit that for a while I was a little anxious lest a rival should appear on my scene; a vast pile of new material had just then come to light and the time was plainly ripe for a life of that particular man. But when I actually got down to the work these fears soon left me. If the material was plentiful, it was by no means alluring or seductive. Nearly all the manuscripts were written in a small, crabbed, seventeenth-century hand in fading brownish ink on yellow paper. Much of it was in Latin or in a peculiar shorthand, and some was in Latin put into the peculiar shorthand. A few of the papers were so old and decayed that they fell to pieces in my hand. I originally got the idea of writing the book from a German scholar. 'You won't find it difficult', he said, and by the time I had found out what a German scholar meant by 'not difficult' it was too late to turn back.

Still, there is something to be said for a seventeenth-century subject. Whatever you find, you can use. I remember that when I began my book a friend had just started to write the life of a man who had died only a year or two before. How I envied him the advantages he had! He was able to interview his subject's mother, his wife, his sister, his friends, even his psycho-analyst. He learned all the secrets of his hero; things I could not even

hope to learn about a man who had been dead for 250 years. But the day came when I ceased to envy my friend. He was told he could not possibly print half the things that had been revealed to him. People would be offended. There would be libel actions. The copyright owners would tolerate no embarrassing disclosures.

There you have one dilemma of the biographer. Either he writes about somebody lately dead, in which case he has to suppress facts—often the most interesting facts; or he writes about somebody who has been dead a long time, in which case he has the greatest difficulty in finding out the facts. I myself would much prefer the second alternative. Indeed I think the chief satisfaction there is in writing a biography lies just there: in finding things out, in the pure detective work. And when one's subject belongs to the distant past, people generally are not only pleased but eager to help. It has struck me that the English of every class and kind have a real passion for history. They like to know that it is being written, and they have the liveliest regard for the men who write it. When I have asked if I might see some records in somebody's house, or a portrait, or simply a part of building, I have been received with the most heart-warming cordiality.

Sometimes I have been offered old books and manuscripts as presents, presents I could not decently accept; though once I turned down a thing from no better motive than laziness. This happened in the north-country seat of a baronet. He took me to the top of his castle and showed me in a loft a tea-chest full of nineteenth-century papers. 'You can have that lot', he said, 'if you'd like to cart it away'. I explained that the nineteenth century was not my period. I had come for some seventeenth-century manuscripts, which the baronet had lost, and which I wanted him to set to and find. 'Have those instead', he suggested. 'They are no use to me'. But I would not take the tea-chest. There was no room for it in the small hired car I had had. Two years later I read in a newspaper that the baronet had given the papers to another stranger, and that they had turned out to be the notebooks of a very eminent Victorian, worth a fortune to scholars and collectors.

Obsessive Search for New Material

The search for new material becomes, I suspect, an obsession with every biographer. Partly he is haunted by the fear that on the very day when his book is published, a new *cache* will be discovered; and his biography rendered obsolete at birth. Partly he searches simply for the sake of searching. In my case, I had, as I said, a vast number of unpublished papers to begin with; but this did not prevent my looking for more. I had, in any event, an especially elusive subject, a secretive man, a furtive man, a man with no consideration for his biographer; and I always hoped that each next manuscript I found would answer some riddle and throw light on some dark place. But I do not think there is any biographer who would not put up with a great deal for the sight of a manuscript which might bear upon his subject.

I think of something I myself endured in Amsterdam. A Dutchman was taking me along the paths beside the back canals to a house where he had some papers I had never seen. From the start I did not think he was an ordinary Dutchman; and soon I came to realise that he was more than half mad. He carried an enormous walking-stick, and as we made our way along in the shadows of those great gabled warehouses, he edged me closer and closer to the water's brink; and from time to time he would utter wild cries and prod me and even hit me with his stick. I wanted, very naturally, to flee; but that curiosity I have spoken of was even more compelling than my cowardice; I went on and I saw the manuscripts. They turned out to be fairly interesting; though I wondered afterwards if they had really been worth the price.

Sometimes I have had to pay a price in another, more literal

sense. There is a small class of persons who are a thorn in the flesh of all biographers and historians. I am thinking of those collectors who collect unpublished manuscripts with the firm intention that they shall stay unpublished. There is an idea—which may be well founded—that an unpublished manuscript fetches a higher price on the market than a published one. This idea holds sway in the minds of certain dealers as well as of certain collectors. Most manuscript dealers, I must say, I found exceedingly kind; they would let me see and copy anything that interested me. Others were different. They would even pretend that they did not have the manuscripts I knew they had; or they would say that the manuscripts were being bound or being catalogued or being examined in some other city: any excuse for not showing them to me. I tried to outwit such dealers; but it was no use. In the end I had to buy the manuscripts myself; and as soon as I said I would buy them, they were no longer being bound or catalogued or examined in some other city; they appeared as by a miracle from beneath the counter.

A Costly Undertaking

All this means money; and indeed one has to face the fact that writing a biography is a very costly undertaking. The writer has to spend far more than he is ever likely to earn from his book. If he is lucky, he may get a publishers' advance from both England and America—say £500 at the most. Popular biographies may in time earn more; serious biographies seldom earn as much, however well they may be reviewed. The most expensive part of writing a biography is keeping alive; and a biographer has to keep alive much longer than other writers do. I know a dramatist who can write a play in two weeks; even the best novelists seem to take no more than six months or a year to write their novels; but a biography takes anything from two to ten years and more—mine took me eight years. Only a fraction of the time is spent in actual writing. Much more is spent in making notes and transcribing documents. Almost as much is spent in travelling to places to make the notes and transcribe the documents. And a good deal is spent in discovering where those places are. They are usually a long way away: in California or Russia, or, if not there, in France or Scotland or Ireland. They are never on one's doorstep.

The cost of writing a biography is to be reckoned in thousands not hundreds of pounds. In America they realise this; some of the best biographies we have of English subjects nowadays are written by American professors with suitable financial support from the universities or the great foundations. I myself made the acquaintance of one such great foundation in New York. Would they, I asked the secretary, like to offer a subvention to

me, an Englishman working in England on an English subject? The secretary said the scheme was a splendid one. He asked me several questions and looked pleased with my replies. Then he said: 'Do you have a Ph.D.?' I had to confess I had not: I could show him the red silk of a master of arts, the blue silk and rabbit fur of a bachelor of letters, but not the red flannel of a doctor of philosophy. I was irredeemably 'Mr.' The secretary said nothing at first, but began to open and shut the drawers of his desk, peering into each one in turn, and still smiling in a way which seemed to me quite hopeful. The thought struck me: had he somewhere in those drawers a Ph.D. he could offer me? But I was wrong. 'I'm looking', he said eventually, 'for a copy of a letter I wrote to another man who put forward a project just like yours'. 'Did it go through?' I asked. 'Well, no', the secretary said. 'You see, he didn't have a Ph.D. either'.

As I left his office I remembered that letter I had had from the private college in Missouri, and the offer of a Ph.D. for \$200 to include the registration and the robes. But somehow, as I had not taken it, I felt I could hardly go back and tell the secretary that I was a man who might have been a Ph.D. I had got as far as New York, but I knew I should not be able to go to California or Russia. I should just have to go home and work with microfilms.

Work with Microfilms

The microfilm, I believe, is a fairly new invention. It is a device whereby manuscripts can be photographed on thirty-five millimetre spools, of the kind which are used in the cinema, and then sent anywhere in the world by post. One looks at the film through a special kind of projector, with a large helmet in which one puts one's head. I do not wish to belittle the marvels of science, but I think anybody who has used such microfilms would agree with me that even with the very finest spools and the most powerful projectors and the snuggest helmets, they are much more difficult to work with than the manuscripts themselves; and when, as I mentioned just now, the manuscripts themselves are in Latin or shorthand and in faded ink on yellow paper, the labour of deciphering microfilms of them is almost overwhelming.

When I began to write my book, I had wonderful eyesight; now I have an astigmatism and I need spectacles to read a newspaper, or a book, let alone manuscripts. I say 'let alone manuscripts', but there, alas, is the trouble: one finds one cannot let alone manuscripts. One gets too attached to them; living with them becomes too much a habit. I am almost ashamed to tell you after all I have said I have been through in writing that biography, but the fact is I have just started work on another one.

—Home Service

Building Two Berlins

By GONTRAN GOULDEN

THE reconstruction of Berlin as a capital has been prevented, as one would suppose, by its political division into two cities. This hard fact and the prosperity of West Berlin and the drabness of East Berlin are now accepted as part of the European scene. It is doubtful however whether many people realise the fantastic situations that the division has created, or the questions it has posed to planners and architects on either side.

Berlin is so divided that, roughly speaking, the main government, public utility, and industrial areas are in the East and the remainder in the West. Both parts were more or less equally devastated. There are not only two municipalities but two currencies, two police forces, two postal systems, and two sets of public transport. The telephone systems are not connected. You can telephone the world from either East or West Berlin but you cannot telephone across the border: this in a city where many thousands of people work or study in the East and live in the West and *vice versa*. In addition, between thirty-five and forty per cent. of the

students at the West Berlin University come from the East. The underground railway system operates throughout East and West but belongs to the East where the power is generated. Travel across the division is comparatively free for those in whom the East Berlin police are not interested, but there are permanent reminders of this sinister product of the second war in the red flag over the Brandenburger Tor, and in the sharp line of demarcation between the rebuilt and rapidly rebuilding West and the 'Third Man' atmosphere of the East. But this is not all: in the gay and almost normal surroundings of West Berlin it is easy to forget that 100 miles of Russian-occupied territory separate it from the rest of its country and that, unless travelling by air, a Soviet visa is necessary for the journey along the only open road. We may have forgotten the airlift. It is still talked about in West Berlin where even now every drop of milk is brought at least 100 miles by road from Western Germany.

However, these difficulties, the product of the artificial division of a great city within a similarly divided country, are not the

most remarkable feature of Berlin. What forcibly strikes a visitor is the contrast between the scale and type of reconstruction in the West and that of the East. Dr. Nikolaus Pevsner recently spoke of the rebuilding of the Hansa Quarter of West Berlin in the form of an International Building Exhibition, Interbau. It is an exciting and extensive scheme, but it is only a small part of the vast amount of rebuilding done in the West; the contrast with the apparent stagnation in the East is really remarkable and, of course, the effect of this one-sided development is to accentuate the city's division. It is unthinkable that Berlin should remain so divided. Political questions apart, how is it to be made one again? It is easy to say 'political questions apart', but politics have already affected both planning and architecture. When I was there the situation was neatly summed up by Dr. Henselmann, town planner for East Berlin. 'It is a popular joke', he said, 'that in the West they have built too much and planned too little while we in the East have planned too much and built too little'. All the same, I saw plenty of evidence of a Western plan for Berlin but I could obtain very little information about any plans for the East.

In 1946 Professor Hans Scharoun produced a plan for the whole of Berlin. This plan seized the opportunity provided by a largely devastated city and was sweeping and idealistic in conception. Even before the city was divided it is doubtful whether the plan could have been put into effect, but when Russia's attitude was known it had to be shelved. Each part of Berlin then set about preparing its own plan. In the West, Berlin has always been considered as a whole, and the plan produced assumes that the two parts of the city will be united. The planners say that it is not possible to work in any other way. This plan is now being put into effect and the rebuilding of the Hansa Quarter, the Interbau, is part of it.

They are building more underground lines in the West, and work on roads and main fast traffic-ways is in hand, based upon the assumption that the city will be united by the time the roads reach the dividing line. If the roads arrive and there is still an East and a West Berlin the plan will not work. It is a considerable act of faith on the part of the West Berliners. Some people might call it a gamble. A young German architect told me that the East Berlin municipality was ready to agree to this plan but that it was hampered in its efforts to bring about its adoption



A view of Stalinallee, 'the only major piece of reconstruction in East Berlin'

by 'higher authority'. I had no opportunity to check this report.

In addition to its main plan for Berlin the West has organised an international competition for the detailed planning of the centre of the city. This competition is also based on the assumption that Berlin will again become one, since the area it covers includes the cultural centre of pre-war Berlin round the Unter den Linden which is now in the Soviet or *Demokratisches* sector, and also the desolate no-man's-land along this section of the border between East and West. The assessors include Dr. Walter Gropius, Alvar Aalto, Professor van Eesteren, and Pierre Vago, Secretary-General of the International Union of Architects.

Information on Eastern plans in spite of the joke is, as I have said, scant. There was, it appears, in the early 'fifties a comprehensive plan for that part of the city but the only part actually constructed was Stalinallee and this remains the only major piece of reconstruction in East Berlin. It consists of what can only be described as a processional way some three kilometres in length and eighty metres wide. It is straight and has no depth of development behind the tall blocks which flank it. The whole conception is similar to post-war Russian town-planning projects, and breaks every rule of modern Western town-planning theory.

Since Stalinallee was built there has been a Russian architectural revolution with changes of rules for architects and planners in both mother country and satellites. The results of these changes have not been seen in Berlin but Dr. Henselmann, its designer, told me rather cryptically that the day of Stalinallee was over. West Berliners are perhaps thankful that more of their city has not been rebuilt in this way. It is interesting to compare Stalinallee with Scharoun's 1946 plan for that area. He proposed three residential neighbourhoods opening off the main traffic route with the now familiar type of mixed development of tall, medium, and low blocks of flats and groups of single-storey houses; with a shopping centre and other community buildings. Stalinallee's cliff-like buildings of flats over shops, its inhuman scale, pompous classical state-glorifying architecture, and wearisome vista filled with heavy traffic could hardly be more foreign to Scharoun's idea of a peaceful modern design for living.

For the last five years something has prevented the rebuilding of the Unter den Linden area. If it had been rebuilt there is little doubt that it would have been in the Stalinallee manner. The avenue remains a succession of burnt-out shells and bombed sites. The new Russian Embassy broods over it almost alone, in the familiar heavy classical manner, its façade as inscrutably shut as the face of any Soviet diplomat. The Russians had no intention of being planned out of a key position.



The new Congress Hall built by the Americans in West Berlin 'within sight of the Soviet sector'

On the surface, then, in East Berlin nothing much appears to be going on. What is going on behind the scenes? The only important thing that I could discover was an interesting and revolutionary scheme for dealing with sewage and industrial and domestic rubbish. It has been calculated that 10,000,000 cubic metres of refuse is dumped annually in the country outside East Berlin, a wasteful and unpleasant practice. A scheme has therefore been devised for extracting everything from the refuse that can possibly be used and turning the remainder into compost. Experiments on these lines have been going on since 1953, and it is intended to build soon a complete installation in the north-east of Berlin to be known as a refuse *combinat*. Here refuse and sewage will be treated together, the refuse being sorted into various kinds of salvage before the organic matter is composted with the aid of sludge from the sewage. The sewage effluent will be run into fishponds and water-fowl tanks where these livestock will complete the treatment and provide sources of food, a useful if somewhat revolting idea. The gas generated from the biological treatment of sewage and compost will be used to burn anything that cannot otherwise be used. The heat will warm greenhouses in market gardens. Any hard material such as glass and china will be used with ash from the furnaces for making building materials. The humus resulting from composting will be used in public parks and nurseries and the surplus will be sold. Thus rubbish tips with their smoke, flies, and smell will disappear, the soil will be enriched and nothing will be wasted.

An Important Development

This is a development of considerable town-planning importance, but even when taken in conjunction with the planning of Stalinallee it represents a small achievement when placed beside the reconstruction of West Berlin. If Stalinallee is outdated, what is the future to be? In my fairly extensive tour of East Berlin I saw no guide to architectural trends. But in the Bau-austellung (a kind of building centre) in the great Albert Hall-like Sporthalle I was able to form some idea of what was accepted as good architecture and what was not in the Deutsche Demokratisches Republik. Many of the buildings of the western Interbau were shown in a series of not very good photographs mainly of models. 'See the chaos of capitalist architecture in the West', said a banner headline. In contrast, vast Russian-type, neo-classical buildings from East German towns were illustrated in brightly lit coloured transparencies and glowing captions. It appeared to me as if the day of Stalinallee was far from over. Interbau is one-and-a-half miles from Stalinallee, but how great an architectural gulf lies between.

The rest of this building centre is filled with materials mainly of inferior quality and little aesthetic appeal. Equipment is, by West German standards, poor and badly designed. Much is made of factory-built components and the mechanisation of building, and some of the models and methods, though similar to those seen in this country, impressed me by their size. Yet in all instances the results of this mechanisation were architecturally dismal. Nowhere did I see a spark of life.

A branch of the East German Ministry of Building, the Typungsbureau, is responsible for the production of type plans for all types of building, and it produces detailed drawings for them complete with specifications, quantities, and even prices to which the contractor must adhere. The amount of work done on these type buildings is prodigious. For one type alone the Typungsbureau had produced a book of drawings nearly an inch thick. It seemed to me that this was taking type plans a little far. The architecture here again was dull, and the planning of schools, for example, many years out of date by our standards. The six-and-eight-storey flats of Stalinallee have rooms eleven feet high. Economy has put an end to that type of planning and may well have put an end to the heavily decorated façades as well. The architecture shown me at the Typungsbureau was an architecture of omission. Nothing had been put in the place of the pseudo-magnificence of that one straight street.

Finance may well be the main reason why East Berlin has not been rebuilt. Since Stalinallee the Russians seem to have lost interest. West Berlin with its many fine new buildings has risen and is rising on American money; notices on the hoardings on building sites constantly remind you of this. It is a shop window

of American-aided Western progress. One might have expected a Soviet shop-window in the East. The Americans have built the great Congress Hall within sight of the Soviet sector. It could have been taken as a challenge. The Russians might easily have built a vast white palace of culture, as they have in Warsaw.

The principal German architects' society is now divided into two entirely separate parts, East and West, and each has the same name. These parts most sensibly combine into one group as representatives of Germany in the International Union of Architects, but in architectural ideology they remain a long way apart. Do East German architects really believe that Stalinallee and its derivatives are suitable for the twentieth century? It is not, I think, a case of traditionalist architecture staying in the East while those favouring modern architecture practise in the West. One can only guess at the feelings and motives of architects in Eastern Germany, but something can be learned from students of architecture there. Those in Dresden are reported to be doing serious modern work and to be extremely interested in the Western approach and the world's latest buildings, but the authorities make it difficult for them to obtain the information they would like to have.

Students' training in architecture in the East is reported to be narrow. In argument they are unable to justify the official type of architecture except on the grounds that it 'magnifies the state'. They are anyway well aware that the East German economy cannot support such a style. West German architects firmly believe that it is only economy that is forcing the Democratic Republic from its neo-classicism. They are convinced that Stalinallee is what they want but cannot afford. Whether or not this is true we cannot know, but it will be interesting to watch the architecture of East Germany when the younger men now in the schools go out into the world.

Where Are the Traditionalists?

One interesting thing about West German architecture is that nearly every new building is a modern one. I saw little traditional design. What, I wondered, had happened to the traditionalist architects? It appears that after the war the older men among them carried out a certain amount of housing work and although some of it, as in Hanover, had charm and atmosphere, much was dull and sterile. Gradually the traditionalists have been ousted by the younger post-war trained men until there are now very few left. The rapid acceptance of modern architecture has been greatly accelerated by the progressive outlook of many German business men and it is rare indeed to find any new building corresponding to our neo-Georgian or neo-classical schools. As to the quality of West Berlin architecture, I thought it good if a little dull. Distinguished buildings are as hard to find as they are here, but the general standards of design, materials, and workmanship are a good deal higher than here.

Hitler's plan for Berlin included two staggeringly wide processional ways at right angles to each other, the crossing spanned by the largest triumphal arch ever planned. Mercifully Europe was spared that. As a German cynic remarked to me: 'At least we have only two Berlins when we might have had four'.

What is the future? The West builds and plans on. The East apparently holds back. In the hope of what? 'Berlin will again become one', Dr. Henselmann told me, and went on: 'Naturally I hope within the Deutsche Demokratisches Republik'. West Berliners hope the reverse. To the passing visitor neither solution seems near. The political impasse seems to be reflected in the great physical divergences between the two Berlins.

—Third Programme

The original four-act version of 'The Importance of Being Earnest' by Oscar Wilde, with an explanatory foreword by Vyvyan Holland, has been published by Methuen (price 15s.). The so-called 'lost scene' was broadcast and printed in THE LISTENER in 1954.

* * *

50 Questions and Answers on Mental Illness is the name of the pamphlet, arising from the B.B.C. programmes 'The Hurt Mind' and 'To Comfort Always', which has been published by the National Association for Mental Health, Maurice Craig House, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1, price 1s. It is on sale at B.B.C. bookstalls.

'The Three Faces of Eve'

MORRIS CARSTAIRS on civil war in the psyche

WHY is it, I wonder, that cases of multiple personality are so fascinating? Perhaps because there is something rather shocking about them. It seems all wrong that the same body should appear to be tenanted at different times by two or more quite different persons. And yet the story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is so popular and so chilling partly because it is macabre and improbable, partly because it is macabre and probable. I believe most people suspect that such a thing could happen—even to themselves. Stevenson, like other poets, was a Freudian before his time. He had an intuitive awareness of the unconscious aspects of human nature, and his portrait of Mr. Hyde is all the more horrible because we recognise in him some of our own disavowed impulses.

Undermining a Cherished Illusion

Imaginative writers and depth psychologists both have this knack of undermining one of our most cherished illusions—the illusion that we know who we are. Ordinarily, we cling to the belief that our personalities are consistent; but reading a well-documented case of multiple personality, such as that in *The Three Faces of Eve*,* provokes a reconsideration of many of our ideas about the structure of the normal personality. Cases of this kind have been described repeatedly during the last hundred years. They came into prominence—and this is no coincidence—at the time when hypnotism and the study of the phenomena of hysteria were attracting the attention of some of the most eminent psychologists of their time—men like Charcot, Bernheim, and Janet in France, William James and Morton Prince in America, and William McDougall in this country. In the latter half of the last century these topics interested not only psychologists but also intellectuals with literary gifts and inclinations (perhaps the gulf between these two groups was less obvious in those days). The appearance of Robert Louis Stevenson's story is one evidence of this widespread interest; another is that one of the earliest reports of a case of multiple personality appeared not in a professional journal but in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1860.

In this article the Rev. W. S. Plumer described the case of Mary Reynolds, who was known to her friends as a quiet, rather commonplace girl. At the age of nineteen she suddenly woke up from sleep apparently unable to talk and quite unfamiliar with her surroundings; in fact she behaved in many respects like a newborn child; but a child who learned to talk and to master adult accomplishments very quickly. During the next few years this second personality alternated frequently with her former self, and it became obvious that she was a strikingly different person. Mary the second was bold, adventurous, vivacious, and enterprising. In the course of a few years the second Mary gradually became increasingly prominent, until in the end she was the only one. Throughout the period of alternation, however, neither Mary had any recollection of what had happened while the other person was in possession.

This marks her case as belonging to what Janet was later to categorise as type A multiple personality, in contrast to type B in which one of the personalities (but not both) has full knowledge of the experience of the other. Type A is a common occurrence; it is often described as 'loss of memory', because the subsidiary personality may not develop its own life and habits, for one reason or another, and so the most striking feature of the case appears to be the aberration of the 'old' personality and not the appearance or nature of the 'new'. But psychologists, in understandable contrast with the subject's family and friends, are vitally interested in the 'new' personality. It was T. W. Mitchell, a British psychologist, who pointed out that in these type A cases, if the subject is hypnotised he regains access to the memory of both his temporary selves and in doing so reveals himself as yet another and more inclusive personality.

This is what happened in the case of Ansel Bourne, which William James described. Ansel Bourne was a carpenter and itinerant preacher, a man of sixty-one, who lived in a small town in the eastern United States. One morning in January, 1887, he went to the bank and drew some money to pay for a farm which he had arranged to buy. He set off in his pony and trap—and disappeared. Two weeks later a quiet, retiring elderly gentleman called A. J. Browne appeared in Norristown, Pennsylvania, rented a small shop, stocked it with stationery, sweets and toys, and carried on his business. He was accepted without remark by his neighbours, and joined the local prayer meeting. Suddenly, two months later, he woke up in a fright, not knowing where he was or how he had reached there. He said his real name was Ansel Bourne, and he could remember nothing of what had happened to him since January. It was only later, when he was hypnotised by William James, that the gaps in his memory were filled in.

There have been a great many cases like that of Ansel Bourne. The phenomenon of 'loss of memory' had passed into popular folklore by the time of the first world war, and as a result this little drama was re-enacted over and over again, particularly in times of stress. The frequent occurrence of 'having a black-out' or 'losing one's memory' excites the attention of the sociologist and the psychopathologist. The former asks: What social purpose is served by these occurrences? and the latter: What personal need do they fulfil?

Curiously enough, neither of these questions is raised in *The Three Faces of Eve* by Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley, in connection with their most interesting case; but it presents admittedly a much more complex picture. It is not type A, but type B, and a complex type B at that.

But before discussing more complicated instances of multiple personality, it is worth saying that this phenomenon of the total dissociation of the personality has been observed in a great many different cultures. Social anthropologists are familiar with it in all the varieties of spirit possession. I myself have often witnessed it in villages of northern India. I have seen the priests of local deities invoking their god or goddess at regular weekly ceremonies, and then becoming 'possessed'. During the few minutes or hours that this possession lasted the hosts' bodies would quiver and shake in a way that was peculiar to the visitation of that particular deity. They would speak with strange accents, and when they 'came to' they would remember nothing of what had happened during the period of possession. Not only the priests had this capacity: almost anybody might, under certain circumstances, become possessed by the spirit of a recently deceased ancestor, or by the *genius loci* of a sacred or a haunted spot. Almost anybody, but not quite.

Necessary Conditions for 'Possession'

I came to appreciate in time that two things were necessary before possession could take place: first, an expectation of the event, supported by traditional and personal knowledge that it had often happened under these same circumstances before; and, secondly, a suitably receptive person. I learned that it was exceedingly rare for individuals who held positions of power and authority in secular life to become possessed. In fact, among 'top people'—and I do not mean only the westernised ones—this sort of behaviour was considered unseemly. This was brought home to me during a Moslem festival, at the height of which some enthusiastic devotees became quite carried away and were temporarily in a state of trance. I found myself standing in the crowd of onlookers next to young Pir Khan, a hereditary elephant-trainer and something of an aristocrat in his community. I asked him if he ever became carried away to this extent, and he smiled and shook his head. 'No', he said (and he implied 'No fear!'): 'That is for the lesser people'. After this I noticed that it was

indeed the humble, inconspicuous, and unsuccessful members of the village community who most frequently became possessed and in so doing enjoyed a temporary vicarious importance which was denied them in their normal state.

This indicates one possible motive (although it may well be an unconscious one) for some of our cases of alternating personality, as well as for spirit-possession; another, which is sometimes apparent to the onlookers before the subject himself has recognised it, is the desire to escape from a painful decision or from the consequences of his own action. 'Black-outs' and 'loss of memory' are nowhere more commonly reported than in the magistrate's court.

Eve White and Eve Black

To return however to the subject of Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley. In their account she is given the name of Eve White. It was under this name that she first consulted Dr. Thigpen, complaining only of severe headaches, of tiredness, and of depression. Later she mentioned that she had also been troubled by a voice which appeared to speak in her head, taunting and jeering at her. Eve White was a subdued, quiet-spoken, strait-laced young woman, prone to over conscientiousness, timid and retiring.

Early in the course of her treatment with Dr. Thigpen, Eve White suddenly changed before his eyes. In her place appeared a different person, a lively, vivacious, self-consciously attractive young woman who called herself Eve Black and who claimed to have been in existence for over fifteen years. Eve Black remembered all the events of Eve White's history, although Eve White had no access to her consciousness in return; and Eve Black, who readily admitted to having been responsible for the jeering voices, did not attempt to conceal her contempt for her *alter ego*. She was childish, irresponsible, full of vitality, and eager to have a good time.

For the next two years Dr. Thigpen had opportunities of observing both Eve White and Eve Black in regular consultations. He had only to ask 'May I speak to Eve Black now?' (or Eve White as the case might be) for the other manifestation to appear. Both he and his colleague were astonished at the transformation which came over their patient as she moved from one personality to the other. Not only her posture, gestures, and gait entered into this change; it was reflected in the brightness of her eyes, in the changed tone of all the involuntary muscles of expression.

There is, incidentally, one detail which suggests the possibility of interesting biochemical research in these cases: Eve Black, and not Eve White, suffered from a sensitivity of the skin to nylon. When wearing nylon stockings she could not refrain from scratching her legs, and preferred to go bare-legged.

Eve White was always limp and listless; Eve Black always showed abounding energy and *joie de vivre*. This contrast between the personalities is so marked a feature of many of these cases that it is worth pursuing in itself, and provides much of the answer to the question: 'What personal need is fulfilled?' I have mentioned Mary Reynolds; an even clearer contrast was seen in a girl called Félicité who was not only depressed but a chronic invalid in her original personality. One day Félicité fell into a deep sleep and woke a few minutes later a new person, alert, vivacious, and full of vigour. Spontaneous alternation between these two personalities continued for some years, and then the euphoric Félicité won the day and remained in sole command.

To most people the contrast between the first personality, which is constricted, limited, and depressed in mood, and the ebullience and irresponsibility of the next personality will always have its classic illustration in Morton Prince's Sally Beauchamp. It is a general rule in these cases that the more uninhibited personality is the one which enjoys the wider area of awareness. This has its parallels in everyday experience: when we find ourselves in a comparatively reckless and devil-may-care mood, we can generally remember our more usual stuffy, over-cautious self (as it now appears) quite clearly; but when sobriety returns we often find it difficult if not impossible to recall the feeling of that more expansive state. Sally Beauchamp, like Eve Black, led a life of her own which often conflicted with the aims, and always with the convenience, of her companion selves. Certainly the conduct of Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley's complicated case was not made easier by the fact that Eve Black was irresponsible and unco-

operative, and delighted in getting poor Eve White into trouble.

After two years of treatment, a third personality appeared, called Jane, who had access to the experience of both Eve White and Eve Black although they had no direct knowledge of her. It seemed for a time that Jane would be the ultimate survivor of the three, but a dramatic turn of events led to the emergence of a fourth, and more stable personality. From that moment, Eve White, Eve Black, and Jane ceased to exist.

The question arises, did they ever exist? There is no doubt that the authors of this book were convinced that in talking to the two Eves and to Jane they were addressing three different persons. It certainly must have seemed as if this were the case. They have even been able to make talkie films of their subject in each of her manifestations in order to show how different, and how consistent, her three personalities were. They marvel at this phenomenon, that one body could harbour three persons, sharing its memories unequally between them; and they speculate upon the astonishingly complicated neuro-physiological events which must accompany such a condition. It is true that each of the three personalities could be described as somewhat limited and incomplete: but how complete is our knowledge of the personalities of people we associate with every day? Or, for that matter, of our own?

Freudian psychology has taught us that we all have a life of thoughts and impulses of which we are not normally aware: but under certain circumstances we can become aware of this unconscious side of our own natures. Freudians go further, and claim that insight into the hidden aspects of one's own nature strengthens the character, whereas to be alienated from one's own unconscious stultifies one's personality. Two questions are immediately raised by these considerations: was Eve White really so completely cut off from the possibility of being aware of her other selves? And if she had been in touch with psychologists of a different theoretical outlook would her personalities have developed in the same way? To both questions, Freudians would unhesitatingly say 'No'.

When I spoke of cases of alternating personality and the temporary 'possessions' met with in primitive communities, I pointed out that two prerequisites were necessary: a shared social expectation of the event, and a receptive subject. Does this apply also to the more complex cases we have been considering? I believe it does. It is a remarkable fact that multiple personalities reach their full flower only when a patient in whom the capacity for dissociation is highly developed comes into prolonged and intimate contact with a psychologist who believes in the possibility of the coexistence of independent personalities in a single individual. It is possible (and Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley admit the possibility, though only to decry it as unlikely) that each facet of a multiple personality represents the joint product of the therapist's expectations, and the patient's desire to satisfy them. There is one remarkable piece of evidence in support of this: many years after W. F. Prince had begun the study of his Doris case he called in the help of his friend Dr. Hyslop, who was an ardent spiritualist. Within three years of his taking an interest in the case, the principal intrusive personality announced, at first tentatively and then categorically, that she was a spirit sent to help Doris from on high.

Extreme Form of a Common Experience

There is a great deal that remains unexplained in all these cases. Many years ago Janet employed the term 'dissociation' to describe the independent existence of complex mental functions; but the process by which this dissociation is brought about is still unknown. These cases are interesting because they show in extreme form something we can recognise in everyday life. The anthropologists Ralph Linton and Gregory Bateson have each emphasised the influence that particular situations can have in moulding our personalities; social status and role often determine not only the sort of person we are expected to be, but also our own self-conception. The features of our public *persona* are capable of changing as we come under the influence of different circumstances, or even of different companions. It is not only the hysteric who acts a part.

And yet, one might protest, the dissociation of awareness is never so complete in a person who merely acts in a number of different social rôles. Perhaps a better analogy after all is with

the phenomena of possession, in which the conscious personality is surrendered for a time. In a primitive society, or in any one where strong religious beliefs are held, this abdication will be in favour of a well-known and identifiable tribal deity; the shaman at once appears on the scene and takes command of events. How different it is in these 'private ventures' into dissociation which we have been discussing! Here, the abdication of normal con-

sciousness is no less sudden and absolute, but the new incumbents of the personality still claim separate and unique individualities. Instead of the confident shaman, we have the psychologists groping their way in the dark with such clues as the subject herself can give them. It is like a game of cards of identity, in which the principles of the re-shuffle have not been disclosed: and this, perhaps, is why cases of multiple personality are so fascinating.

—Third Programme

Collecting Old Watches

By CECIL CLUTTON

PERHAPS the most pleasant thing about collecting watches is that they appeal to so many different sides of one's nature. Most obvious is the purely aesthetic appeal, whether it be a plain silver paircase of the late seventeenth century that you may be able to buy for as little as £15, or a superb enamel or cut crystal for which you must pay the earth.

Then there is the mechanical appeal, and the particular fascination here is that recording the time has always stimulated man to his highest mechanical endeavours, whether it be the fourteenth-century astronomical clock of de Dondi, or Mudge's constant-force marine time-keeper of the seventeen-eighties. No other contemporary machinery that I know of approached the complication and finesse of watchmaking up to the end of the eighteenth century.

Then, too, a pocket watch is such an essentially personal thing. It has shared so intimately in the lives of its successive owners, and if you allow it to share yours in the same way, it will mean far more to you than if you imprison it permanently in a glass case or a safe. If you happen to know the past history of a watch, that adds to its personal interest, but this is a fairly rare occurrence, while a connection with some famous historical character puts up the price.

The great age of decoration was from 1550 to 1675, which was a period of little or no technical advance so far as the works were concerned; timekeeping properties were almost non-existent; and the rarity of the more fancy pieces is so great that they fetch tremendous prices. Let us therefore leave them to the great collectors, in the comfortable knowledge that we can get much more fun out of our money in equally discriminating, but less obvious ways.

The day was, and not so many days ago either, that the aesthetic appeal—the mere outer shell—was the only thing that drew people to collect watches. The old-school type of collector not only does not care if the watch will not even tick, but obviously slightly resents the suggestion that it would be rather nice if it could. 'Tired, very tired', he says, with a sad shake of the head, as he reveals the fusee chain tangled round the pillars and a wobbling balance staff minus its top pivot. This sentimental approach to the subject is fairly rapidly changing, although it is still maintained in some museum circles. The appreciation of watches nowadays is as a piece, as their makers thought of



Watch by Quare, c. 1685. The single hand rotates once every six hours

Hodsdon Collection

them, and I am sure that to enjoy a watch to the full it must be in good order, both as to the case and the movement.

Up to the time that the balance spring was commercially applied to watches, about 1675, timekeeping was hopelessly erratic, and perhaps that was why makers lavished so much effort on external embellishment. As soon as the watch became a serious instrument and not a mere toy, it very quickly put off its finery and adopted workaday dress.

It is difficult to judge how accurate the very earliest balance spring watches were, because they are so rare, but certainly by 1690 a watch was capable of running to within a couple of minutes a day, or less in stable temperature conditions. Such a watch, in reasonable order, will perform just as well today, and provided it has a fairly original balance spring, of only two or three turns, it will be surprisingly immune from temperature changes, perhaps varying only a couple of minutes a day between summer and winter on the same setting of the regulator. If a typical verge watch is not in good condition, it is often a relatively easy matter to make it so, though the ordinary run of watch repairers make a tremendous hullabaloo about working on a verge. Up to 1700 there was no jewellery, and any considerable amount of jewellery is very rare before the last quarter of the eighteenth century. But putting in new brass bushes is almost literally child's play. More major works are certainly not worth doing on ordinary watches, because even seventeenth-century silver



Quarter-repeater watch by Breguet, c. 1810. The dial is of gold, engine-turned

Ilbert Collection

paircases are still so relatively plentiful that they are remarkably cheap, and it is worth waiting for one in fairly good order.

Given that, there is the greatest fun and pleasure to be had in regulating your affairs by a watch more than 250 years old. Do not be put off by its thickness—probably an inch and a quarter: your tailor has provided for this by putting your lower waistcoat pocket between your bottom rib and the top of your hip-bone.

Erratic Nineteenth-century Verges

To say, as so many people do, that no verge watch will keep time within half an hour a day is based on mere ignorance. Curiously enough, however, some of the cheap nineteenth-century verges are pretty erratic, and I have never had much luck with them. This is understandable. In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries the verge was the only known watch escapement, and the leading makers devoted their best endeavours to it. By the nineteenth century it was obsolete, and only the cheapest, quantity-produced watches, were turned out with a verge escapement.

My personal experience of the early cylinder escapements is that they do not perform much better than the contemporary verge, but by the time you get to people like Mudge and Ellicott, in the third quarter of the century, their watches will run well within a minute a day error. In buying such a watch, and if you want to use it, make sure that the balance wheel swings through a good arc—something like 150 degrees. If the arc is small the cylinder is probably deeply cut, although it may be only that the oil has congealed. It is always the steel cylinder and never the brass escape wheel which wears, and while there is still a fair number of people who will make a new steel cylinder, it is an expensive exercise. Ruby cylinders, by contrast, are almost indestructible in normal wear, but if broken by a fall they are now irreplaceable. A ruby cylinder watch by Breguet will be a really fine timekeeper, running reliably within fifteen seconds a day.

I think without doubt that the most technically interesting periods of watch making are the last quarters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries coming, as each did, after great and sudden advances in standards of portable time-keeping. In 1675 came the balance spring, and about ninety years later came John Harrison's first successful marine timekeeper. Each event spurred makers on to achieve new standards of accuracy and to experiment with new escapements.

The Lever Escapement

Mudge invented the lever escapement in about 1760, and Emery put it into serious production from 1782 onwards. Arnold and Earnshaw developed the spring detent, or chronometer escapement, by 1780 and they went a long way towards perfecting the compensation balance. Breguet experimented with innumerable escapements and invented the tourbillon, or revolving escapement platform, which eliminated position error. By 1800 you could buy a watch which would run within two or three seconds a day, although it would probably cost you about £150, which in those days was a tidy sum.

I should like to recommend this period to the new collector because specimens are not too scarce; and, because they are not flashy in appearance, they do not attract the big money. An eighteenth-century lever escapement is a great rarity, but any lever before 1830 is worth collecting, although some ostensibly early levers are later conversions. But eighteenth-century pocket chronometers are surprisingly plentiful, and can be picked up in good order, in silver cases, for anything from £20 to £30. Many watches, of this period particularly, and some earlier ones, have had their cases broken up for old gold. Occasionally, of course, an undiscerning breaker destroys the value of an otherwise immensely rare and valuable watch in this way. But the movements usually find their way to the recognised old-watch dealers, and for the really impecunious, or those whose interest is purely mechanical, movements do provide a wonderful opportunity. I do not think I have ever heard of a movement fetching more than £5, and more usually it is a matter of shillings. Sometimes you may find a more or less contemporary silver case to fit a movement you have bought, and you will then have a wearable

watch for a small outlay. For the study of escapements, an invaluable book is *Clock and Watch Escapements*, by W. J. Gazeley.

On the subject of books, by far the most comprehensive list of makers is *Watchmakers and Clockmakers of the World*, by G. H. Baillie. The list in Britten, although containing only a third the number of names, does include a good deal of information which is lacking in Baillie. Though I say this with a becoming pretence of reticence, having been one of its co-editors, the latest, seventh edition of Britten's *Old Clocks and Watches and Their Makers* is, I believe, the only book which gives a complete history of the subject from the thirteenth century up to 1830—although necessarily somewhat cursorily. Unfortunately, some of the very best books are now out of print and difficult to find (and correspondingly expensive). Two of the best, in my opinion, are *It's About Time* by Paul M. Chamberlain and, most fascinating of all, *The Marine Chronometer* by Lieut.-Commander R. T. Gould. The earlier editions of Britten also contain a mass of miscellaneous information and illustrations about rare and unusual clocks and watches.

If you have not done so already, I strongly advise you to join the Antiquarian Horological Society. If you live near-London you can attend its meetings and if not, its publications alone are well worth while. The address of the Secretary is 29, Furham Field, Hatch End, Middlesex.

Precaution Against Fakes

The best precaution against fakes is to buy only from a reputable dealer. Only the really early and valuable watches have been effectively faked in modern times. Quare, Tompion, Graham, Mudge and Breguet were widely faked in their own day, but usually without much serious attempt at deception, and when you have had a few genuine pieces in your hands detection is usually simple. The numerous contemporary Dutch and Swiss fakers often made amusing mistakes in the English names, such as the well-known and often-met 'Quaré', 'Modge', and so forth. Continental fakes usually have the minute ring arcaded, by which they may most easily be detected. Often, too, the balance wheel cock is in the continental style, in the form of a bridge, whereas the English cocks have only one foot. But the whole style of a continental fake is different from its intended prototype. Genuine Tompions were numbered after about the year 1685 and the number is repeated under the cock. Tompion's watch numbers stop at about 4,600. The genuine Breguet is so beautiful that the innumerable fakes are obvious enough, and were probably never meant to deceive.

Really good faked Breguets are extremely rare. He introduced his famous secret signature on the dial to defeat the fakers and, while it has never been successfully reproduced, not all genuine Breguets have it, and on his silver dials it has usually been rubbed off. Nearly all genuine Breguets have the letter 'B' and the serial number of the watch stamped on the case as well as on the movement. No genuine Breguet has the number 6,000 or higher. The signature may be 'Breguet' or 'Breguet et Fils' but the frequently met 'Breguet à Paris' almost always spells a fake. But Breguet is a life-study on his own. Breguet watches were and still are extremely expensive—but, my goodness, they are worth the money!—*Network Three*

A Mouse

Evasive, timid, quicksilver as a soul
A mouse quivered, balked at the brink of his hole.
Behind the green shadow of a world of grass,
Before him light, terror through which to pass
With his bare, naked hands, his bee-furred pelt.
Down his whiskers' filaments as fire he felt
The bright world burn him. Yet the sun's warmth lay
As a hand of love across his frightened, grey
And trembling being, and my eye, looking down
Blessed with compassion the nut-small beast, whose doom
Of fear and desire was life, and was my own.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

On Patronising Coleridge

By GEORGE WATSON

IT is astonishing to think how easy it has been, until recently, to be downright impertinent about Coleridge. It was his friends who started it. They either pitied him outright or made unconvincing excuses for him. There is a story in Crabb Robinson's diary of how, talking to Charles Lamb one evening in 1811, he let slip the expression 'poor Coleridge'. Lamb corrected him at once, but in these terms: 'He is a fine fellow in spite of all his faults and weaknesses. Call him Coleridge; I hate *poor*, as applied to such a man'.

For a whole century and more there have been patronising comments of this sort, and worse, by critics of one-tenth the achievements of Coleridge himself; almost never a simple affirmation of wonder at the fact of his genius. Then, in 1953, the Clark Lectures of the late Humphry House were published, and the tide began slowly to turn. They are deeply sympathetic, perceptive, scholarly, the last-but-one stage in the story of the rebuilding of Coleridge's reputation. But even House, appreciative as he was of the enormous scale of Coleridge's achievement, was certain that he was in some special and sophisticated sense an object for pity. 'There are many different kinds of pity', he said. 'A developed, comprehending pity, so far as we are capable of it, a pity like tragic pity, is needed'.

A Great Critic and Poet

This, even on yesterday's evidence, is rather surprising. Coleridge is fairly widely regarded as being the greatest of the English critics, which hardly suggests that his literary career was a failure. His reputation as a great poet was established in his own lifetime, and it has not been questioned since. John Stuart Mill, six years after his death, called him one of the two great seminal influences on the social and political thought of his age. By the age of thirty-two, when he set out on his two years of journeying through Malta and Italy, he was already a famous conversationalist much in demand, and during the last years of his life at Highgate his standing with the young, according to Carlyle, was something like that of a magician.

This is a career worthy of a little envy. It is a success-story. Coleridge was never rich, it is true, and he was in ill-health from early manhood, but a shortage of funds and physical pain hardly make out a case for 'tragic pity'. House must be thinking of something else. And, sure enough, he is thinking of something he detects in the autobiographical poems, what he calls 'a sudden weakness of a peculiar kind—implying, often, self-pity—which does not properly belong to the poem as a whole'. There is a good deal of self-pity in Coleridge's works, and not just by implication. In his prose he sometimes surrenders to bouts of it that go on for page after page.

The *Biographia Literaria*, which he wrote rather hastily, at the age of forty-three, is a brilliantly constructed but oddly argued work in which passages of close critical perception mingle with others of outspoken self-pity on the theme of his mistreatment at the hands of the reviewers. Sometimes this self-pity is dignified in its moderation, sometimes it is wry and self-critical; more often it is embarrassing, even disgusting, and always boring in its self-indulgence. But whatever it is, it hardly merits much serious concern. Self-pity, after all, is fun. And whether you accept this or not, how strangely the orthodox critical approach to Coleridge accords with one's general impression of the works themselves! The critical estimate is as of something ponderous, metaphysical, and radically unhappy. But Coleridge's writings are not at all like this: I mean the Coleridge everyone knows, the Coleridge of 'The Ancient Mariner', 'Kubla Khan', the lectures on Shakespeare, and the critique of Wordsworth in the *Biographia*. Here everything is breathless enthusiasm of the infectious, button-holing, naive and endearing sort, a simple-hearted, luminous optimism—even, at the worst, a certain flashiness and glibness of

touch. No wonder Coleridge chose ballad-metre for 'The Ancient Mariner', and no wonder he made it rattle so loud.

This may merely sound like a new way of patronising Coleridge, but I am not concerned, for the moment, in making a judgement. On the other hand, I do not see why we should deny the facts merely because they are obvious. Coleridge's poetry and, in a more subtle sense, his criticism too are mainly about felicity. 'The Ancient Mariner' is a poem in praise of the love of God's creation. 'Kubla Khan' is a poem on the joys of poetic creation. The criticism of Shakespeare and Wordsworth, with all its distinction-making, is the work of a critic drunk with the joy of his subject. I am not trying to pretend that the tone of Coleridge's criticism matters more than its content, or to under-rate his enormous powers as an analytical thinker. Obviously it is content, and not manner, that counts most. But it surely matters to get the question of tone clear from the outset, and this, in the strangest way, Coleridge criticism for a century and a half has failed to do.

The new edition of Coleridge's notebooks* will make the pessimistic old legend more difficult than ever to maintain. Six years ago a Canadian scholar, Miss Kathleen Coburn, gave us what her publishers described as 'a new presentation of Coleridge from his published and unpublished prose writings' in a volume called *Inquiring Spirit*. It was a good book, and for many years it should remain a revelation to a wider audience than the new eleven-volume edition of the notebooks is ever likely to reach. But everyone, and especially Miss Coburn, knew even then that it would not do, or would do only as an *hors d'œuvres* to the main dish. It was the last, and the best, of many attempts in the manner of the 1895 *Anima Poetae* to present the mind of Coleridge in extracts. But the notebooks had to be edited as they stood, and the first two volumes have now appeared to cover the years 1794 to 1804, which includes practically the whole period of Coleridge's activity as a poet.

Miss Coburn is the kind of editor who sticks at nothing. There will have to be five volumes of text, she tells us, to accommodate all the notebooks, of which there are nearly seventy, together with five still bulkier volumes of her own annotations, each of them triply indexed, and a final and eleventh volume which will include a vast subject-index of the whole collection. The project, needless to say, is sponsored by an American fund, the Bollingen Foundation of New York. But for once the grandiose approach is justified. There is no way, there could be no way, of making the mind of Coleridge available except in a great composite edition such as this. It cannot even be objected that the edition will encourage unscrupulous anthologising. On the contrary, it was the old situation that left the door open to this abuse. So long as the notebooks have never been edited entire, so long as there remained a suspicion of buried treasure, the wreckers would have been busy. There would have been countless little subject-collections based on doubtful texts: Coleridge on psychology, Coleridge on mountains, Coleridge on his friends. As it is, Miss Coburn's final index will soon make all clear.

Riches of New Material

It is impossible to stifle a sigh of envy at the riches of the new material she has mastered and made useful. Scott once called Coleridge 'a lump of coal rich with gas, which lies expanding itself in puffs and gleams, unless some shrewd body will clap it into a cast-iron box, and compel the compressed element to do itself justice'. But he can never have guessed how many of the puffs and gleams were being set down imperishably in a numbered series of working notebooks, or that the shrewd body needed to clap them together would be a Canadian lady with a taste for omniscience and a profound knowledge of the techniques of indexing.

(continued on page 657)

* *The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Vols. I and II*. Edited by Kathleen Coburn. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 75s. the two

NEWS DIARY

October 16-22

Wednesday, October 16

Mr. Dulles makes statement in Washington about the situation in the Middle East. Syria asks the United Nations General Assembly to investigate threats to her security from Turkey

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive in the United States

The Prime Minister opens the Motor Show

Thursday, October 17

It is announced that the Prime Minister is to see President Eisenhower in Washington to discuss world problems including recent developments in the Middle East

The Council of O.E.E.C. sets up a Committee of Ministers to work out details of a European free-trade area

The Nobel prize for literature is awarded to M. Albert Camus

Friday, October 18

Turkey informs Syria that she has no intention of attacking her. U.N. General Assembly decides to hear Syria's complaint against Turkey

French National Assembly refuses to confirm M. Pinay as Prime Minister

President Eisenhower presents the Duke of Edinburgh with the National Geographic Society's gold medal

Saturday, October 19

Yugoslav Government protests at the decision of the German Federal Republic to break off diplomatic relations

The Prime Minister accepts invitation to visit Canada after his discussions in Washington

Professor V. Gordon Childe, the distinguished pre-historian, is killed in an accident in Australia

Sunday, October 20

Mecca Radio reports that King Saud has offered to mediate between Turkey and Syria

Mr. Jack Buchanan, the actor and producer, dies in London

The influenza epidemic is stated to be declining in the north of England and to be increasing slowly in southern England

Monday, October 21

Stock exchange prices fall heavily in Wall Street

Prime Minister of Israel addresses Knesset on Middle East situation

The Queen addresses U.N. General Assembly

Tuesday, October 22

The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh return to London from New York. The Prime Minister leaves to see President Eisenhower

Request by B.B.C. to televise State opening of Parliament is rejected

Prime Minister refuses formal inquiry into alleged Bank Rate 'leak'



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh passing 'offenders' in the stocks at the old fort, Jamestown, Virginia: a photograph taken on October 16 when the royal visitors made a tour of the town's Festival park shortly after their arrival in the United States from Canada. Right: an informal group on the steps of the White House, Washington, as the Queen and the Duke were greeted by their hosts, President and Mrs. Eisenhower, on October 17



The 1st Battalion the Grenadier Guards, who arrived in London from Germany last Saturday, exercising their 'ancient privilege and right' of marching through the streets of the City 'with Colours flying, drums beating and bayonets fixed'

A photograph submerged in water

Right: lead Prince Kari



The royal visitors who spent last Monday, the final day of their tour, in New York driving along Broadway through a 'snowstorm' of ticker-tape



During the recent floods in Valencia in the south of Spain, showing the almost submerged bridge over the swollen river Turia. In some of the streets of the city the water was more than seven feet, covering cars and buses; more than seventy people lost their lives

An Ismaili sect of the Muslim faith presenting the traditional sword of justice to the 21-year-old new Aga Khan, after his enthronement at Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, on October 19



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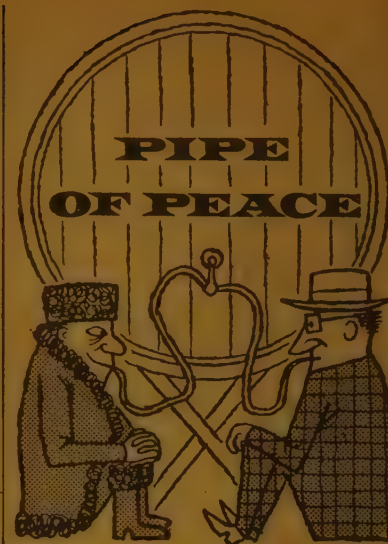
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It was never one of my ambitions, when I was at school, to become a wine merchant when I grew up, so I never saw the point of learning the relationship between pipes and pints. Recently, however, my master's rod-and-rote method of imparting knowledge was vindicated, for when I read that the 14th Duke of Xeres ended a family vendetta with a pipe of sherry, I was able to appreciate the significance of such a peace offering.

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(continued from page 653)

These notebooks are the evidence we needed that, after all, Coleridge led something like an orderly literary life. He kept them for forty years, from the age of twenty-two till within a few weeks of his death in 1834. They are not, as writers' notebooks go, badly arranged; nothing like as untidy, for instance, as the Shelley papers in the Bodleian Library. It was a lucky chance for the editor that the first twenty years of the period of note-taking coincided with the Napoleonic Wars, when there was an acute paper-shortage in England—with the result that Coleridge usually began writing at the top of the page and kept straight on till he got to the bottom, leaving few blanks to be filled in later.

A Mind Moving Purposefully

A new image of the man now emerges: something less universal of interest than the sometimes preposterous claims made for him, and more concentrated of purpose, than the 'poor Coleridge' of legend. There is no reason to think of him as a sort of English Leonardo da Vinci. The Coleridge of the notebooks, and pretty certainly the Coleridge of fact, was a man whose interest in poetry was all but consuming; the delight he took in mountains, and occasionally in painting and music, is all of a piece with this interest. It is the weight of emphasis in the notebooks that is impressive. The mind of Coleridge knew where it was going, and it moved purposefully towards its object. I remember, when I was editing the *Biographia Literaria* two years ago, how impressed I became at the growing evidence in favour of the view that the *Biographia*, which was written in 1815, was a direct extension of his discussions with Wordsworth on the language of poetry in 1800.

This debate arose out of his decision to pass on to Wordsworth the notes he had made towards writing a preface for the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*. The notebooks are particularly revealing on the progress of his critical ideas, and it is now harder than ever to regard those fifteen years of preparation as a period of barren procrastination. Coleridge was working hard. His growing dissatisfaction with the wording of the preface drove him into a historical study of the theories of perception and association, and he piled up the evidence in quotations from Aristotle, Aquinas, Descartes, Hume, Kant, and a hundred others. A dozen years later he was to draw on these notebooks, when he came to write the *Biographia*.

This is not the behaviour of a disorganised man, or of a magpie-mind that cares nothing for what it finds, so long as it can be stored up somewhere. It was only his habit of keeping notebooks that enabled Coleridge to write so confidently as a historian of ideas—a role no previous literary critic in England had ever aspired to. But it is the foreground of his thought that matters most, and we naturally prize evidences of creative thinking more highly than the scraps and chunks of background reading that appear by the thousand in his notebooks.

For the sake of simplicity, let us detach two crucial moments from the evolution of Coleridge's critical theory: the moment of the autumn of 1800, when he scribbled notes for the preface he never wrote; and the moment of the summer of 1815, when he wrote down,

rather hastily but at length and in formal prose, his mature views on poetry as the *Biographia Literaria*. This gives us two pivots on which to balance his critical writings, with some of the lectures grouped between them and some after. But we should like to know a good deal more about the nature of the ideas he handed on to Wordsworth in 1800, and something about the processes by which he changed his mind in the fifteen years that followed. There is a note written on the inner cover of one of the notebooks which looks very like one of those he turned over to Wordsworth for the preface: a scrap written in August or September 1800. Unfortunately it is partly illegible from damp and rubbing, but it is evidently to do with the regeneration of poetry. It begins with some indecipherable reference to the taste of savage nations, and then passes on to a phrase which, for a century and a half, we have attributed to Wordsworth, 'emotion recollected in tranquillity', which appears here as 'the recalling of passion in tranquillity'. Coleridge had probably picked it up in Germany the year before from a hint in one of Schiller's reviews. 'Metre became distinct and artificial', the note goes on, 'till at length poetry forgot its essence in those forms which were only hieroglyphic of it. Defence of the aim of poetry'.

Manifesto of Romanticism

We may now feel quite certain, as we have long guessed—and as Wordsworth always insisted in his later life—that Coleridge was the thinking agent behind the chief manifesto of English romanticism, the preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, published in the last months of the eighteenth century. The seminal idea of the preface emerges a little more clearly in the notebooks six months later. In March 1801 he scribbled down some of the lines which form the centre and climax of Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey':

While, with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things

and his comment is:

That is, by deep feeling we make our ideas dim. And this is what we mean by our life—ourselves. I think of the wall: it is before me, a deep image, here. I necessarily think of the idea and the thinking as two distinct and opposite things. Now let me think of myself, of the thinking being—the idea becomes dim, whatever it be, so dim that I know not what it is. But the feeling is deep and steady and this I call 'I', identifying the percipient and the perceived.

This passage, which coincides (as one might have guessed) with the period of Coleridge's serious study of Kant, is a sufficient statement of the two obvious external characteristics of romantic poetry—of most English poetry, in fact, from 1800 to the present day: its extreme subjectivism, or egotism; and its cheerful acceptance of vagueness. I am assuming, as you see, that all-but obvious truth. Mr. Frank Kermode has usefully been urging on us of late: that we are, whether we like it or not, still living in the romantic age, and that if the best resistance we can put up to romanticism is poetry as subjective as that of Mr. Eliot and the later Yeats, then we are never likely to get out of it. The Coleridgean revolution is with us as surely as the Bolshevik. We may still aspire to advance beyond it, but it is just as well to know what it was.

What exactly did Coleridge do to the course of English critical theory? His central achievement, in my view, was to overthrow the primacy of 'Nature' as a criterion of excellence in poetry. Dryden, Pope, and Johnson very commonly wrote as if descriptive poetry were a copy of the external world, a copy 'to advantage dressed'; and moral poetry a copy of the common and generally recognised elements in our moral preconceptions. Johnson thought it was a point in favour of Gray's 'Elegy' that any reader would already be fully familiar with its attitudes. It was this debased version of the Aristotelian doctrine of imitation that was making the English poetry of Coleridge's boyhood uninteresting. It was Coleridge who realised what we all now realise, that poetry is not a simple account of moral attitudes or of natural objects. It is neither a thought nor a thing, but what Coleridge called 'a middle quality' between the two. It does not pose as a truthful account of the mind of the poet or of the thing apparently described, but partakes at once and mysteriously of the quality of both. By the very equivocation of its status, it is a unique thing, answerable to no laws but its own.

Perhaps when the fashion-mongering anti-romanticism started fifty years ago by Pierre Lasserre in France and Irving Babbitt in America has died away, when the terms 'romantic' and 'anti-romantic' have fallen equally out of favour and we are ready to look the facts of our literary history in the face, then it will have become clear that no retraction of romanticism is possible. However clean and comfortable the Augustan world may look from here, and however intriguing the poetry of the Metaphysicals, we who live after Coleridge know too much; and understand too much, ever to go back.—*Third Programme*

Work in Progress

Curl creamy angels on the blue
With every cloud a puffing boy
And dolphins blowing to the true
North in every corner.

Ships, elegantly wrecked, toss out
Toy mariners, caught as they sprawl,
As though all threaded down the snout
Of an old gin bottle.

A few crimped waves will frill the foot
Of paradisaal reefs whereon
Brown seabests scurf their scales and flute
A minuet of Mozart.

And now a mermaid, fancy-free,
Blank-eyed and draggled-tailed in surf—
Erotic image that the sea
Has not a thing to do with.

The whole thing's framed, The artist, faint
With visionary exertions, knows
A storm howls underneath the paint
And wrecks rot under canvas.

And now, a pastoral, perhaps?—
With haywains carting judgements home
And lowing cows (God's thunderclaps)
And pert milkmaids (the Furies).

NORMAN MACCAIG

Round the London Art Galleries

By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

THERE is a new shape in British art—perhaps the first in general use since the sickle-shapes introduced by Graham Sutherland in the late 'thirties. This new shape is an irregular but obstinate rectangle which bends and stretches like a large soft india-rubber: it can be torso or table top, head or headland. It appeared first in the work of artists who teach, or have taught, at Bath Academy of Art, Corsham. It is common to the painters William Scott and Peter Lanyon (Jack Smith uses it, too) and such sculptors as Kenneth Armitage and Hubert Dalwood. Indeed, Armitage's new exhibition (Gimpel Fils) is dominated by this all-purpose rectangle. It is not used for effects of geometric precision but is curved, rounded, textured, bitten, squeezed, so that it appears organic. It is formal but not dry. It steadies paintings by lying parallel to the picture plane, without, however, producing a decorative flatness. In sculpture its compactness is useful because it ensures the sculptor a central form which is solid, simple, and lively.

Armitage finds the female body in this rectangle as often as it is found in another rounded rectangle, the television screen. The presence of flesh is evoked by his tender textures, and the angularity of anatomy by his abrupt shrunken limbs which stick out of the central torso like handles. Armitage combines the archaic and the rococo in a subtle and amiable balance. It is as if a cycladic figure were given charm and a Fragonard girl were given mystery. Armitage's eroticism distinguishes him in a field closed to most British artists. Erotic sculpture of this sort is common in Italy where, however, the sensuality is merely a brash *cliché*.

So far, all his best work has been small and intimate. Now, he is beginning to work on a large scale—a monument for Krefeld, Germany, and major pieces for next year's Venice Biennale. His problem, in a way, will be the conservation of heat: so far warmth has radiated rapidly out of his larger works ('Two Seated Figures', 'The Seasons') leaving them cold and empty. Aside from doubts about Armitage as a future monumental sculptor, however, the figures in his present show, which are on a delicate and intimate scale, are highly satisfactory.

Jack Smith's new paintings (Beaux Arts Gallery) reveal an interest in light, which is not the same thing as seeing light. His colours do not depart much from his usual khaki range; obviously, he is not using paint like the impressionists, as an analogue of light. On the contrary, Smith represents light by linear forms and planes. The title of a painting gives a clue to his intention: 'Waves of light passing over still life'. To him light is something that comes between him and objects and he has heard that

light travels in waves. He identifies light-waves with waves in the denser medium of water. His objects, therefore, are like stones distorted by moving water. Given Smith's palette, light is like water in a stagnant pond, a muddy river, or a sea cloudy with churned-up sand. The trouble is that the active agent, light, is no better than the forms that Smith can give it and these are shoddy strips, spirals, and waves.

Smith is no longer a realist. The pictures in his preceding show used objects as symbols, that

vibrations persist for weeks'. A group of these drawings is on view at Gallery One. It should be stressed that Michaux, though well known as a poet, is an important artist, whose best work is of admirable quality—evoking economically a swarming cast of men and *personnages*. These drawings, though casual in appearance, are, as Michaux has said, 'never quite accidental'. It is all the more disappointing, then, that his drug-drawings show his gifts functioning so poorly. These drawings are like texture-exercises

of the Bauhaus, similar in appearance to aerial- and micro-photography. Michaux is so captivated at being possessed by the drug, as if it were an inspiring disease, that he accepts whatever it may produce, monotonous drawings or, as in the book on his mescaline visions, second-rate visions of a poet's dreamland. The drug is active, as it were, and Michaux is passive: his drawings are symptoms rather than signs. He submits himself to the drug and is helpless and happy with whatever comes. The victim of this kind of art is always the work of art as something real, something made.

Graham Sutherland is, in some ways, an English Giorgio di Chirico. Neither man was especially gifted artistically, in the sense of having an instinctive command of his art, but both had private visions which became public property. Both men had to make the transition from 'gifted visionary' to 'professional artist' and the later works of both reveal the strain of maintaining an amateur professionalism. Sutherland is now the portrait painter of individualistic 'top people' and his latest sitter is Helena Rubinstein, two portraits of whom are on view at the Tate Gallery.

These portraits, like the earlier ones, switch between different conventions. Details may be solid, *trompe l'oeil*, or flat, and it is hard to find a formal idea governing the changes. He has borrowed from Velasquez in the new pictures and it is true that Velasquez in his portraits flattened some forms and treated others plastically. Both kinds of form cohere when he does it because he could control equally each effect. Sutherland's attempts to combine such differences are wrecked by his discrepant gifts: he can manage the flat passages but his grasp of the third dimensions is fitful. The way Helena Rubinstein's further shoulder advances out of the plane of the distance, in the seated version, shows that Velasquez is no screen for bad drawing. The trouble Sutherland always has with his sitters' legs continues, this time in the drawing of the skirt of the seated figure. It is true, of course, that his portraits are rhetorically striking, but then Sutherland is like an orator who can sway crowds successfully, despite incoherent syntax.



'Figure lying on its side: version 5', by Kenneth Armitage, at Gimpel Fils

is to say, objects as not themselves. In this exhibition he is concerned with destroying objects by light, a light symbolised in clumsy, schematic shapes. His treatment of light is reminiscent of Morgan Russell, though Smith says that he does not know Russell or his synchromist movement (1913-19). Russell was, he wrote, 'concerned with the elimination of the natural object' and with the 'treatment of light by multiple rainbow-like colour-waves . . . expanding into larger undulations'. Except for the brightness of the colour-waves this seems close to Smith's dramatisation of light in naively conceptual terms. In fact, the exhibition as a whole is full of inept, strained, and superficial forms, stylistically similar to provincial early modern art (synchromism in America, Vorticism in England). Only in one or two pictures, such as 'Night Sky II', a great black oval on a dark blue ground, in which his pretentious symbolism is not obvious, does he show himself capable of an impressive simplicity.

Kenneth Burke once, writing about the poetry and the illness of Keats, criticised attempts to treat 'disease as cause and poem as effect'. He stressed that the intense activity of making is missed by such an approach. Henri Michaux experimented with passive art when a couple of years ago he took mescaline four times. 'It is impossible to think of moving the hand to draw while in the shock phase', he wrote, 'but the

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Foreign Policy in the Nuclear Age

Sir,—Mr. Federico Clark's letter on foreign policy in the nuclear age seems to me to develop an argument which is perfectly sound so far as it goes, but, like Mr. Howard's broadcast (THE LISTENER, October 3) and Dr. Kissinger's book, it does not go far enough.

How far must we go? My reply is that we must break through the thought-barrier on the subject of defence and not remain anchored by chains of increasingly rusty doubt to the notion that violence is the *only* basis on which to found our strategy. We have reached a strange state of affairs when our Minister of Defence (I applaud his candour) has to congratulate us on the fortitude with which we have accepted 'the harsh and inescapable fact' that our defence forces can only defend themselves so as to ensure that after we have been atomised a large number of Russians will join us wherever we are. This is certainly a harsh fact; it is also an absurd fact and I am not convinced it is inescapable.

The dilemma in which we find ourselves arises from the attempt to hold on to violence as expressed in military operations, when these operations in a large-scale war involve the use of nuclear weapons and hence a degree of violence which is nonsensical and makes of violence an end and not a means. It does not seem to be realised that the whole idea of the great deterrent is psychological and not military. In short, our strategical thinking is in a complete muddle because we have not recognised that nuclear weapons, both in their short-term, and probably in the long-term biological consequences, make it necessary to find a new idea and a new force to take the place of violence.

I respect but do not share the moral reasons of the pacifists for their dislike of violence, but I am convinced for reasons set forth in detail in a book—*Defence in the Nuclear Age*—shortly to be published by Gollancz that it is a matter of urgency to make a detailed enquiry into the advantages and disadvantages of a declaration by Great Britain that we shall not use nuclear energy for military purposes. The consequences of such a decision would be very far reaching and it is impossible even to outline them in the space of a letter. I must therefore limit myself to saying that on balance I believe that to make this declaration now would be in the best interests not only of my nation but of all mankind.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 STEPHEN KING-HALL

'Fall Out'

Sir,—In a democratic country there is something each of us can do about the dangers of radiation. We can write to our M.P. and ask him to press for an immediate investigation of the dangers to human existence from radiation in this country—in particular from such sources as X-rays and the disposal of waste from atomic energy stations. It is possible that something might be done about it before it is too late.

Yours, etc.,

Kirkcudbright

BAILLIE RUTHVEN

Sir,—Like Mr. and Mrs. John, we are deeply concerned by the facts revealed in Antoinette Pirie's book. For some months now we have worked in this area to extend information to the public on radiation hazards. All over the country there are local organisations such as the one of which in this town we now find ourselves chairman and secretary. They are unified by the support given to them by, and the support they return to, a central organisation, the National Council for Abolition of Nuclear Weapon Tests. The Council, from its office at 29 Great James Street, London, W.C.1, could put Mrs. John in touch with local sympathisers.

We would be pleased to tell Mrs. John our personal experiences in building up a local organisation.—Yours, etc.,

King's Lynn JOHN AND DOROTHY WELLS

Sir,—Mrs. John's protest at the effects of nuclear radiation comes at a time when many people must be concerned by the events at Windscale. It is surprising, in view of our legal traditions, that the public should be prepared to place their faith in the pronouncements of the various authorities concerned with atomic energy. These authorities are placed at one and the same time in the position of litigant and judge. It is most important that a citizen's organisation for defence against nuclear radiation should be formed immediately. The organisation should have sufficient funds to retain scientific counsel and to maintain the necessary laboratory facilities.

The scientists employed by the various atomic energy authorities and their contractors take their brief from the Government. The Government is interested primarily in power, both destructive and constructive. The briefing of the scientist must, therefore, give priority to the attainment of this aim so that an individual's life is of secondary importance. The scientist who is employed on the job may well take a calculated risk with his own life for the sake of a good job; he may also consider a lesser risk as suitable for the ordinary man or woman. But the woman with children may well feel that this risk is quite intolerable. In these circumstances it behoves us to see that scientific evidence should be available from untainted sources, and that independent scientific counsel be retained to assess this evidence.

Unless they are to hold themselves prisoners Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Khrushchev must share the risks equally with John Brown and his opposite number, but in their preoccupation with the politics of power both these gentlemen may be prepared to accept personal risks which are intolerable to the rest of us.—Yours, etc.,

Guildford

M. K. HARGREAVES

On Remaining an Agnostic

Sir,—I cannot understand why Professor Stephen Toulmin should remain an agnostic (apart from his over-wrought defence mechanism as exhibited in his talk). He should really get rid of the Ishmael complex—every man's hand against him.

I am the more concerned at his plight when I hear him say: 'If Armageddon comes in our time it will be the work not of agnostics but of obstinate believers'. Has he overlooked the little part the Kremlin might play—or am I underrating the deep piety and indomitable faith in God which Mr. Khrushchev shares with his church-going colleagues? But perhaps Professor Toulmin is infuriated at the insolence with which Christian men might obstinately refuse to believe in the divine mission of Mr. Stalin's successors.

Other Armageddons haunt me also. I am thinking of how the well-known piety of Robespierre, Danton, and Napoleon deluged the world in blood at the beginning of last century. Perhaps Professor Toulmin will tell us what particular brand of religious faith was professed by these men. And the most recent Armageddon. Perhaps I am mistaken in my view that it had something to do with the personal ambitions of two delightful Christian believers named Hitler and Mussolini, though I seem to have heard it said that both were agnostics.

It is a pity that Professor Toulmin's childhood should have been so ravaged by the outbursts of some clergymen who in 1914 attributed cannibalism to the Germans. It is the first time I have heard that one, by the way, and I think it rather good. Granting his recollection to be clear, will he come to more recent times and tell us why he has not been frightened out of agnosticism by the fearful descriptions of German turpitude, employed by Kremlin spokesmen from 1941 onwards when the kindly German armies were ridding the world of millions of poor Russian peasants in the Ukraine and elsewhere?

Professor Toulmin's idea of the clergy having missed the grand opportunity of distributing pensions and family allowances, welfare milk and orange juice, is most exciting. Why doesn't he include dustbins? All out of their own lavish stipends too, I suppose. But am I right in believing that the Welfare State owed some of its inspiration to Christian men? I seem to recollect that Lord Attlee is a churchgoer, and that Sir Winston Churchill fears God, though he does not fear man, and that it was under these two men that the Welfare State was introduced.

Really, sir, if Professor Toulmin cannot do better than this...

Yours, etc.,

Liverpool

CHARLES D. ALEXANDER

Sir,—In his recent talk on agnosticism Professor Toulmin cites Laplace as illustrating how the development of men's ideas about nature dispenses with the need of religious concepts, God, etc. The reference is the astronomer's reply to Napoleon's comment on his book: 'Newton spoke about God in his book. I have not found the name of God even once mentioned in yours'. Laplace's rejoinder was: 'Citizen, First Consul, I have had no need of this hypothesis'. Agnostics have seized on the incident as a proof of the astronomer's dispensing with the hypothesis of God's existence. Of course it is nothing of the sort. Only those

ignorant of the point at issue between Newton and Laplace could make such a claim.

For their enlightenment: in his *Principia* and letters to Bentley, Newton was unable to explain the orbital motion of the planets by purely physical forces; so he assumed that the Creator had given the planet the initial push and appropriate spin. Again Newton was unable to treat analytically the mutual disturbances of the planets and so explain the stability of the solar system; hence he believed that from time to time God had to interfere and to rearrange things. Laplace, with the help of a more advanced analysis and his nebular theory, dispensed with the need of this hypothesis—not, of course, the hypothesis of God's existence, as agnostics claim, but the hypothesis of God's special interferences and creative interventions. (W. W. R. Ball: *History of Mathematics*.)

It may be of interest also that Laplace, aware of the abuse of the anecdote by unbelievers, asked the physicist Arago shortly before his death to have it either suppressed or explained. THE LISTENER may help to fulfil this last wish of the great astronomer.

Yours, etc.,

Belfast

FRANCIS MORGAN

Radio Drama

Sir,—Mr. Val Gielgud said that my position was that his department should concern itself solely with the presentation of stage plays. I denied this and challenged him to prove it. He reiterates the charge ('He would enjoy broadcasting classical stage plays and nothing else'). If he does not now substantiate or withdraw I am content to leave readers to draw their own conclusion.

In this correspondence column this year, and I hope in my critical practice, too, I have defined my position about theatrical plays, adapted novels and original radio scripts in a very different way. My concern in this controversy has been and is to get Mr. Gielgud to tell us what proportion of good stage plays is to survive in a situation where that proportion is shrinking fast. His latest inconclusive answer is that 'our policy of presenting from time to time examples of what may be termed the "classical canon" of plays will continue.

This leaves me no alternative but to go further. Is it not the case that there is only one theatrical play in the Home Service Monday schedules for the first quarter of next year, and that the proportion in the Thursday and Saturday schedules is about the same? If so, does Mr. Gielgud really believe that concern about this trend is limited to those—if there are any—who would eliminate adapted novels and original radio scripts altogether if they had the chance?

Mr. Gielgud also misrepresents me when he asks why I 'condemn' the inclusion of 'The Browning Version' in the Home Service. I said that the drafting of six Rattigan plays into the Home in three weeks must drive out other theatrical plays which most critics would consider more substantial, and which have been less available in performance to the national audience.

There is room in the shrunken Third Programme for only one or two of the displaced plays, which would in turn displace valuable plays from the Third, which would be lost altogether. I said that a reasonable compromise in the present unhappy situation would have been to divide the six Rattigan plays suitably

between the Home and the Light. What does he say to this?

I do not covet Mr. Gielgud's difficult job, grateful as I am to Mrs. Dunn for implying that if I am only a pedagogue to him I am housewives' choice for her. But I do think Mr. Gielgud's department would be well employed in encouraging people like her to listen to something other than light entertainment on at least one or two evenings a week, even if she does have to darn socks while listening, and indeed because she has to.

Correspondence of this kind cannot, of course, go on indefinitely. I hope Mr. Gielgud is not going to see it out by an adaptation of the policy I am criticising, by substituting light entertainment at our expense for the more substantial goods we have come to expect from him.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2

ROY WALKER

Sir,—Mr. Gielgud, I feel, is sneering unforgivably at people like Mrs. Dunn who have to do their listening while darning socks, ironing, etc. How many of the sound radio audience does he think are in a position to listen in to plays with their hands folded in their laps and the lights out?

I have been a serious playgoer for thirty years and I like to listen in to all plays whether specially written for radio or radio versions of plays I have already seen. In the latter case, it is interesting to compare the two productions and pleasant to refresh one's memory though seldom, may I add, have I heard a radio version to equal, in my opinion, the stage play.

My sister and I are at work all day, every day for five days a week and some Saturday mornings. One or two evenings are taken up with a visit to the theatre, cinema, concert or a club, or even overtime at the office. This means that, when we are at home, we must necessarily do our washing, ironing, etc. We do not 'think seriously', as Mr. Gielgud puts it, 'that you can listen to the radio play while you are simultaneously darning socks, baking cakes, and ironing'. All we know is that that is what we must do if we want to hear a play. Of course, we wouldn't take our socks or ironing to the theatre—there Mr. Gielgud is being unnecessarily ridiculous—but he must realise, surely, that the majority of his listening audience are people like Mrs. Dunn and me. I know of no woman who does not do some sort of handwork while she listens to the radio. Quite honestly, that is why we, as a race, prefer it to television!

Now please, Mr. Gielgud, I am an intelligent listener, able to appreciate classical and other plays. Present them, on the Home, Third, or Light programme, as you will, and I shall be 'intelligent enough' to turn to the appropriate figure on my V.H.F. set with one hand while, with the other, I press out the creases with my flat iron.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.12

PHYLLIS SHEPHERD

The Musical Analysis of Music

Sir,—Both objectors to my wordless functional analysis (hereinafter called 'FA') criticise it without having heard it (see THE LISTENER for October 10 and 17). As a result I am in the paradoxical position of having to counter misunderstandings and downright fallacies which wordless FA is designed to preclude; in fact,

I have to go on explaining to these critics in words what they would have accepted in sound—the audibility of crab motion and similar devices, for instance. It is a little late in the day for Mr. R. F. T. Bullivant to complain of retrograde motions which, after all, have not been introduced by FA. He should have written his letter in the fourteenth century and addressed it to Guillaume de Machaut; by now, on the basis of his criticism, he will have to rewrite Bach's 'Musical Offering' and Beethoven's Hammerklavier Sonata, to mention two works containing popular reversions whose demonstration does not depend upon FA. Nor indeed does he seem to be acquainted with my essay on 'The Audibility of Serial Technique' (*Monthly Musical Record*, November, 1955), to which I must refer the interested reader, though I may perhaps be allowed to quote one of the relevant passages from it:

Let me demonstrate the simplest experiment here and now. What is the motif G-E-C? The retrograde version of C-E-G. I think it is significant that those who consider mirror forms un-aural have never stopped to reflect that the arpeggio of the 6/4-chord in which the sixth comes first and the fourth afterwards is the retrograde version of the arpeggio of the common chord in root position. Even when it appears as melody, they continue to hear it purely as harmony.

'If we do accept all the types of derivation used by Mr. Keller . . . literally hundreds of themes of the Mozart period are related to each other . . . particularly if common features such as the leap of a fourth or fifth are to be regarded as significant'. Mr. Bullivant does not attempt to substantiate this empty charge, which merely shows that he has not familiarised himself with FA's principles of demonstration. In themselves, such elements of musical thought as leaps of a fourth or fifth are of course devoid of any significance whatever; on the other hand, we did not have to wait for FA in order to realise that within a complex of thematic *cum* harmonic interrelations, they will readily acquire unitary significance. Needless to add, I do not deny that themes of different works may be related to each other. What is invalid is Mr. Bullivant's inference: 'Thus the validity of the methods for any single work is considerably weakened'. By this token, the existence of Reger's 'Mozart' Variations 'weakens the validity of the methods' which enable us to demonstrate how any of Mozart's own variations on the same theme are related to it. Or, nearer home, the themes of Mr. Bullivant's letter and my own are assuredly related to each other; but this circumstance has nothing to do with the demonstrable thematic interrelations within each letter.

Finally, Mr. Bullivant embarks upon what he calls 'the best argument' against my 'whole theory'. FA's theory is no wise whole, and I have not yet published what there is of it; as I said before (THE LISTENER, October 10), I let practice precede theory. The reader will no doubt absolve me from the task of dealing with anticipatory criticism which, in the event, will turn out to be neither here nor there. A more fruitful level of discussion will be reached once my critics decide to bark up the tree on which FA is growing.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

HANS KELLER

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

(continued from page 636)

demanding a 'get-tough' policy toward the unions. It is imperative that even when a Conservative government does want to take a stronger line towards the unions (as it may well want to do at the moment towards trade-union wage demands) it should not appear to be giving way to pressure from its own extremists.

Social Composition of Voters

The complexities of this problem from the Conservative point of view can best be illuminated by recalling the social composition of the voting support of the two major British parties. The parliamentary Conservative Party is overwhelmingly middle and upper class in composition; yet election studies have shown that the party draws approximately one-half of its electoral support from people who are, by any objective definition, members of the working class. Indeed a large proportion of these working-class Conservatives are either themselves members of trade unions or wives of trade unionists. Conservative parliamentary leaders are obviously aware that, if ever they completely lose the support of these trade unionists and their wives, their electoral doom is sealed. Even if the Conservatives polled the entire middle- and upper-class vote (which is unlikely to be unanimous) they would not have more than about 35 per cent. of the total votes cast.

Conservative success in retaining a considerable slice of the working-class vote no doubt helps to explain the comparative electoral failure of the Labour Party. The urban working class probably constitutes a higher proportion of the electorate in this country than anywhere else in the world. Yet the Labour Party, in fifty-seven years of its existence, has succeeded on only one occasion in electing a government with a working majority in the House of Commons. And even on that occasion in 1945, Labour secured less than half the votes cast. Labour governments had won office in Australasia even before the first world war; and in Scandinavia Labour's sister parties, the Social Democrats, have held office for almost unbroken periods of two decades or more. The recently re-elected Norwegian Labour party, for example, normally obtains almost 90 per cent. of the urban working-class vote compared with perhaps 65 per cent. polled by the British Labour Party.

No doubt there are deep psychological and other reasons why a considerable proportion of the British working class prefers 'to be ruled by its betters'. But in assessing Conservative success in this regard it would be foolish to ignore the element of deliberate and successful calculation on the part of Disraeli, Baldwin, Mr. Butler and others who played a leading part in reshaping Conservative policies so that they might prove more attractive to the recently enfranchised working classes. After 1946 Lord Woolton considerably eased the task of those who were determined to cast the Conservative net ever wider by expanding the membership of constituency associations to make them more representative. But even now detailed studies of particular local Conservative Associations show that the active members of the associations tend to be of a higher social and economic status than the majority of voters in the constituency.

These same active members tend to show up at the party conference and to express their exasperation at what they consider to be the ex-

cessively solicitous attitude of their leaders toward the trade unions. This year, surprisingly enough, they did not do so. But I have no doubt that one explanation of Lord Hailsham's extraordinary personal success at Brighton was the fact that he included in his main speech the following passage:

If it has a fault, which of course I cannot admit, the Conservative Party and the Government are almost too anxious to keep the peace with the trade unions, and even the most blustering and rumbustious of their leaders. . . . These sentiments mightily pleased the conference but it was significant that they found no counterpart in the moderate and conciliatory speech by the Minister of Labour winding up the debate on industrial relations.

This brings me to some general remarks about the role of the militants in the major British parties. It is obvious I think that the British electoral system penalises minority parties in general and tends to exterminate extremist minority parties in particular. It thereby forces each party to shape itself into a vast and loose-knit coalition of interest and opinions. Extremists and moderates within each party must work together, even though they may be as unhappy as two scorpions caught in a bottle.

Active Workers

There would be no ground for public concern about this (indeed quite the reverse) were it not for the fact the parliamentarians, who almost inevitably become moderates, are in certain respects heavily dependent on a particular category of militants, the active party workers. These are often sensible, public-spirited, and well-informed people; but one need not attend many conferences of either party to recognise that a considerable proportion of the active party workers take a strongly doctrinaire and often rather archaic view of party policy. Yet a few tens of thousands of the active workers (in each party) have a decisive voice in deciding who will be nominated to stand for parliament. (And nomination, it must be remembered, is tantamount to election in three-quarters of the constituencies in the country.) Then, too, the limitations on campaign expenditure in Britain are so drastic (the average permitted expenditure is less than £800 per constituency) that the candidate is inevitably dependent during his campaign on the voluntary services of the party faithful. And then, following his election as an M.P., his active party workers become to some extent his eyes and ears in the constituency (although he will soon learn to discount the reports he receives about the state of public opinion from his most militant supporters). This 'stage army' of the politically active in both the Labour and Conservative Parties is almost inevitably tempted to masquerade as the authentic voice of the 13,000,000 or so who vote for each of the two big teams of parliamentarians at each election.

The influence of the militants becomes really pernicious in my view when a handful of politically active party workers in a particular constituency attempts to bludgeon and even to drive out of parliament their M.P. because he has taken a stand with which they disagree on a major issue. This happened over Suez in certain Conservative constituencies and in at least one Labour constituency. I should like to hope that the leading parliamentarians on both sides were

more aware than they seem to have been of the ominous implications of this sort of activity.

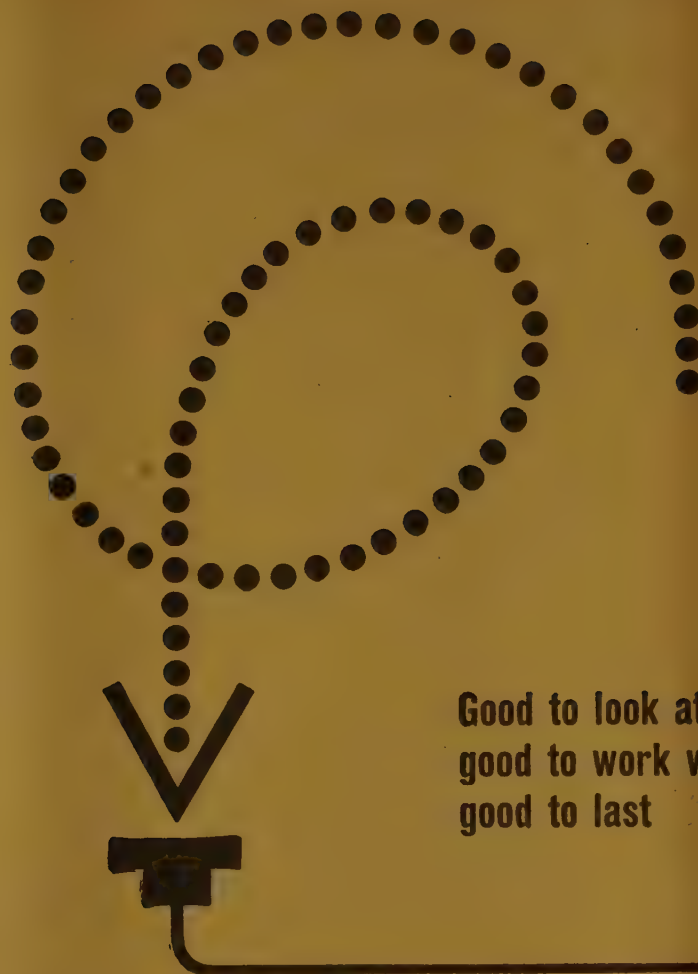
It may be that in the future the parliamentarians may become much less dependent on their armies of voluntary party workers. If the politicians can, in increasing numbers, talk directly to the electors in their own homes by means of television and radio then it will be far less important that the party workers should troop through the night in order to push election addresses into the letter boxes of the voters. I believe that in this country altogether too few politicians have access to television and radio, especially during the election campaigns. And until now, in my view, radio and television in this country have sadly failed to fulfil their responsibilities during such campaigns. I know that they have been actuated by a desire not to influence an election, particularly in its final stages; but, in what I consider their misguided zeal, they have refused to report in their news services any of the speeches and public meetings in the course of the campaign, and they have also shut down on discussion programmes in which politicians can meet each other face to face. It is, I submit, no service to democracy whatsoever for radio and television to be monopolised during an election by about a dozen nominees of the central offices of each of the main parties, each nominated speaker presenting an official party version of campaign issues and none required to face an opponent or a representative panel of questioners.

Look, for instance, at the radio system and television in both the United States and in Sweden (to take but two examples). Politicians do meet each other in debate throughout the campaign. If this should take place here I doubt whether it would matter much whether another election leaflet were ever distributed. This would limit the importance of the work of the party activists and in time it might tend to undermine their influence. But it would hardly render them powerless; since they would still enjoy the privilege of selecting all the candidates and, in effect, about three-quarters of the M.P.s.

The Party Militant

To summarise my own view of the role of the party militant in the political process: the party organisations outside parliament are, primarily, devices for selecting and sustaining teams of parliamentarians between whom the electorate, periodically, may choose. Those who take part in the work of the extra-parliamentary bodies inevitably acquire a great deal of influence in the affairs of the parliamentary parties (through the selection of candidates and because of their special channels of communication with the elected representatives). But these party workers are comparatively few (I doubt whether more than a few hundred thousand are actively and regularly involved in party work in the two major parties) and their views tend to be both more doctrinaire and more extreme than most of the parliamentarians they support and of the vast majority of the electorate which votes for their party. These active and voluntary party workers are an extremely valuable asset in the British political system; most other methods of sustaining teams of parliamentarians are in my view far less desirable. But there can be no doubt that the British system has its own dangers and that they ought to be more clearly understood by both the politicians and public alike.

—Third Programme



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The Listener's Book Chronicle

A Soldier with the Arabs

By Sir John Bagot Glubb.

Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

READERS WHO HAVE ENJOYED Sir John Glubb's *Story of the Arab Legion* will turn to his new volume with keen anticipation; they will not be disappointed, though they will find it a very different kind of book: the quality of the writing is unimpaired but the story has an unhappy ending. Glubb Pasha will be remembered as one of that long line of distinguished Englishmen who were drawn to Arabdom by a kind of elective affinity. He gave his affection to the people of the desert and the villages, and it was a source of pride to him that they could forget his English origin and accept him as one of themselves. He knew, nevertheless, that he was not so accepted by the politically minded and the intellectuals who pursued him with implacable hatred as the symbol of Jordan's link with Britain, and who labelled him a traitor to the Arab cause.

In the face of all the evidence he clung to the belief in the possibility of co-operation between the Arabs and the British based, in his own words, on a 'high degree of friendship, sympathy, and mutual confidence'; and in an Arab world which he knew to be poisoned with hatred and distrust for the West he cherished the pathetic fallacy that Jordan east of the river was somehow different from all Arabdom, and therefore immune to the poison. At the same time he showed profound understanding of the Arab's 'logical mentality which deals only in purely intellectual conceptions', a state of mind well illustrated in King Abdullah's remark about those learned politicians, all of them with university degrees, 'When I say to them, "the Jews are too strong—it is a mistake to make war", they cannot understand the point. They make long speeches about rights'. Sir John further quotes a Palestinian as saying, 'Better for us all to be exterminated than for us to agree to give up a yard of our country', and he comments: 'There may be something admirable in this resolution to demand that which is right, regardless of the cost. But the effect on the fate of the Palestine Arabs was utterly disastrous'.

As a soldier Glubb Pasha bore no responsibility for policy, and as a soldier he rendered conspicuous service to the country of his adoption. His account of the Arab-Israeli war, to which he devotes much space, is largely a tribute to the men under his command, and his praise of their quality is endorsed by Edgar O'Ballance, the historian of the war, who writes that the Arab Legion, led and trained by Glubb Pasha, was an outstanding exception to the weaknesses, limitations, inefficiency, and often corruption of the various regular armies of the Arab states. A point on which there seems to be a difference of opinion, not clearly decided by the available evidence, concerns the relative military strength of the opposing sides. According to Glubb Pasha the number of armed Israelis in the field in 1948 was always greater than that of the attackers, yet O'Ballance speaks of the overawing military might of the combined Arab regular armies and, though all the figures that have been quoted are

likely to be misleading in one way or another, there can be no doubt that the military potential of the Arabs was considerably greater.

In telling the story of Israeli ruthlessness, balanced though not excused by deplorable acts committed on the other side, Sir John Glubb preserves that sense of moderation which is characteristic of the man, and which leads him to say in another context, 'I have made so many mistakes myself that I hesitate to give voice to condemnation of other people's actions'. His book is a fitting monument to a man of good will whose political failure was due to circumstances beyond his control.

A Victorian Canvas. The Memoirs of W. P. Frith, R.A. Edited by Neville Wallis. Bles. 25s.

In the eighteen-eighties the painter of 'Derby Day' published his reminiscences. Drastically boiled down by Mr. Neville Wallis, they now reappear. More accessible and more portable, this new version, a quarter of the original, includes what has seemed to him most significant or evocative of the period. Frith's writing, like his painting, is eminently Victorian. Some praise has been given in recent years to his technical skill as a painter, but his name continues chiefly to evoke his subject-matter. 'The desire to represent everyday life', he remarks, 'took an irresistible hold upon me', and it is upon the successful and painstaking indulgence of that desire that his reputation must surely rest. Similarly, it is for their documentary value that his memoirs are worth inspecting, not as the expression of a great or fine nature, or even of the temperament of an artist. Frith had no vocation, and wanted to be an auctioneer: his unusual father forced him to become a painter. With application and ambition he became a popular success.

It is useless to look to Frith's memoirs for a single original observation on painting or for any original idea whatsoever. Imperfectly educated, apparently quite amiable, sensible, self-made, a good mixer, and complacent, he writes like a business man or journalist. But his interest in the way his contemporaries behaved, which gives human interest to his pictures, gives it also to his memoirs. His sentiments are conventional. He writes of 'the goddess Fashion' or of 'Time, the great physician'; he is capable of calling a moustache 'a hirsute appendage'. Born in 1819, he had known an old man who could remember picking blackberries in Oxford Street, and he lived until 1909: it is the very flavour of the mid-Victorian years of his prime that he conveys—their vulgarity and prosperity, their ordinariness and their oddity. Various persons suddenly go off their heads; an ethereal young beauty takes to drink; a young man falls into a trap set by 'one of the most infamous of her sex'. Even more exciting than these gas-lit dramas are the first-hand glimpses of, for example, Turner and Constable. And what with the convivial evenings at Augustus Egg's, the story of Beckford's gate-crasher, and the Duke of Wellington's immortal comment on 'Rain, Steam, and

Speed', Mr. Wallis deserves gratitude for the trouble he has taken to revive this commendable reading for a winter's night a hundred years after the painting of 'Derby Day'.

On Poetry and Poets

By T. S. Eliot. Faber. 21s.

Mr. Eliot here brings together sixteen essays written, with a single exception, since the publication of his *Selected Essays* in 1932. The newer essays are for the most part quieter and more tentative in tone, although the humility sometimes covers a sly irony. Mr. Eliot seems here to be more concerned with working things out for his own satisfaction, with thinking aloud, than with challenging or persuading the reader. One result of this is that there is a great deal of beating about the bush. Sometimes the argument comes to a temporary dead end and Mr. Eliot has to start again: 'I confess therefore that the critical tools which we are accustomed to use in analysing and criticising poetry do not seem to work [on Kipling]; I confess furthermore that introspection into my own processes affords no assistance—part of the fascination of this subject is the exploration of a mind so different from one's own'. 'Even if I have not yet succeeded in making my meaning very clear, I hope that I have done something to unsettle your minds, and to prepare for an investigation of the charge against Johnson of being insensitive to the music of verse'. 'The reader may well, by now, have been asking himself what I have been up to in all these speculations'. The deviousness of the route does, however, have its advantages. We have the sense—and this is particularly true of the essays on Goethe and on Kipling—of being with Mr. Eliot as he tries to explain and formulate his own response to writers whom he admires for reasons which seem at first sight to threaten his own position as a poet.

It is this desire to deal justly and truly with writers very unlike himself that marks the significant change in Mr. Eliot's development. Earlier, he had been concerned to defend and to implement a change in taste and attitude, and other writers were either allies or awful warnings. 'I believe that the critical writings of poets, of which in the past there have been some very distinguished examples, owe a great deal of their interest to the fact that the poet, at the back of his mind, if not as his ostensible purpose, is always trying to defend the kind of poetry he is writing, or to formulate the kind that he wants to write. Especially when he is young, and actively engaged in battling for the kind of poetry which he practises, he sees the poetry of the past in relation to his own: and his gratitude to those dead poets from whom he has learned, as well as his indifference to those whose aims have been alien to his own, may be exaggerated'. Exactly; and it is interesting that Mr. Eliot should have said this in 1942. Thus his first essay on Milton is an attack (though on a poet admitted to be very great) from the point of view of a practitioner to whom Milton's verse can only be dangerous; the second carefully distinguishes between saying that a poet's influence has been bad at a particular moment in the past,

saying that the contemporary poet would do well to avoid that poet, and saying that the influence of that poet must always be bad. (Both essays are in this volume.) The second essay concludes with the suggestion 'that poets are sufficiently liberated from Milton's reputation to approach the study of his work without danger, and with profit to their poetry and to the English language', and contains some shrewd observations on Milton's technique.

The essays on more general themes sometimes go the long way round to points which most responsible students of literature have long been agreed on. In 'The Frontiers of Criticism' he makes rather heavy weather of the difference between explanation of how a writer came to produce a certain work and description and evaluation of the work itself. The difference between genetic and normative criticism (to use ugly but convenient terms) is surely a commonplace in the university classroom. But even the essays which go the long way round have the interest—and the charm—of autobiographical asides in which Mr. Eliot, with attractive modesty, illustrates a point by referring to some of his own problems and practices as a poet. The essay on 'Poetry and Drama' is particularly valuable to the student of Eliot's art and development. And all of them have occasional flashes of insight, often about technical matters, which provide genuine illumination of the art of poetry.

There are some minor errors and oddities, from the spelling of James Thomson's name with a 'p' to the citing of Goldsmith as a poet in whom 'every word goes straight to its mark'. One feels like asking Mr. Eliot to ponder the following couplets (from 'The Deserted Village' which Eliot puts above 'The Vanity of Human Wishes') and consider whether the word 'train' goes straight to its mark in each case:

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.

She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple pleasures of the lowly train.

The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight
reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
train—

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

If Mr. Eliot thinks these—and all the other trains in 'The Deserted Village'—examples of precise and cogent writing he must have a standard for Goldsmith that he does not have for any other poet.

Collected Poems. Vol. II. By Roy Campbell. Bodley Head. 21s.

The late Roy Campbell was a brave as well as a remarkable man who saw life, and lived it, as a battle. It is typical of him that the longest poem in this book is called 'Flowering Rifle'. That was the way he saw life. Unfortunately, he tended to become obsessed with his achievements as warrior and horsebreaker, and used them, not so much as subjects for poems, as to boast about, and as a means of attacking other poets

who had failed to lead a life as adventurous as his own. This obsession combined with a deep religious feeling to produce in him the single idea that he was engaged on some Chestertonian crusade on behalf of Christendom: 'the last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall'.

A crusade against what? Alas, one does not have to read very far to find out. He hated liberalism, socialism, communism, all humanistic intellectuals (particularly Joad and Huxley) and all the poets who in the Spanish war were in, or on the side of, the international brigade. Particularly he hated Messrs. Auden, Day Lewis, Spender and MacNeice whom he collectivised into the hydra-headed monster 'MacSpaunday'. And he hated, quite openly, the Jews. It is almost impossible to read more than half a page anywhere in this large book without coming across some sneering reference to one of these hatreds. Some of the satire, even if one is not on his side, is amusing for a time, but it goes on for page after page of smooth monotonous rhymed couplets, dragging in the same old aunt sallies until the reader is filled with pity and disgust, that a man who could occasionally forget his grievances and write a poem as lovely as the sonnet 'Counsel':

The world is pitiless and lewdly jeers
All tragedy. Anticipate your loss.
Weep silently, in secret. Hide your tears,
So to become accustomed to your cross . . .

should have let his work degenerate so sadly into these tedious outpourings of a mind obsessed with the limitations of other human beings

The Spotted Deer. By J. H. Williams. Hart-Davis. 21s.

Colonel Williams has written another splendid book in which he gives a full description of the trip to the Andaman Islands that he referred to in *Elephant Bill*. It was a trip to survey the stands of valuable timber in the practically uninhabited northern islands of the group, and to make plans for its commercial extraction.

The author says he is trustful by nature, but if he were not he would have become trustful by conviction. 'If you trust a man you can never be certain that he will not deceive you; but if you don't trust him, you give him every excuse to deceive you at the earliest chance'. His principles were well justified when he took as his labour force a gang of dacoits and murderers, without guards, from the convict settlement at Port Blair in South Andaman—the only source of labour on the islands.

His stories of the confidence of animals towards men concern trustfulness of a different kind, especially the incidents of the spotted deer and of the dugong. In them it was the trustfulness of ignorance, because they had never before had any contact with man or his ways in these uninhabited regions.

Colonel Williams relates at length the narratives of the shipwreck on the Andaman Islands of two barques carrying troops from Sydney to Calcutta in 1844. After many hardships most of the crews and of the soldiers and their families were rescued, and Colonel Williams adds, 'The trust which I believed in as the basis of the relation of man and man, and man and animals, seemed here to be extended to the relation of man to God—the astonishing answer to prayer'. Here he seems to be on less secure ground, for the castaways did much more than

pray to get themselves out of their troubles; their actions were more of the 'praise the Lord and pass the ammunition' type. And what of the thousands of equally worthy people in similar predicaments who have perished miserably in spite of all their prayers and all their efforts?

The book is well illustrated with lively drawings, but that on page 143 shows that the artist has never seen a 'sand crab' of the tropical beaches, and that on page 104 cannot be correct in showing the shrouds of an 1844 barque coming down to inside chain-plates with bottle-screws—the chains would have been outside at that period, and the shrouds would have had dead-eyes and lanyards, probably finished off with coverings of sword-matting.

Survey of International Affairs 1954.

By Coral Bell. Edited by F. C. Benham, Documents on International Affairs 1954. Selected and Edited by Denise Folliot. Both Oxford, for R.I.A. 45s. and 55s. respectively.

There is something unfamiliar about the appearance of this latest *Survey*. In all those published since the end of the war, the early chapters have invariably been devoted to the East-West relationship and to its effect upon Europe. The 1954 *Survey* opens with a report on the crisis in Asia, and almost one half of the volume deals with Asian problems. For it was in 1954 that the international storm centre moved from Europe to the Far East. 'The Pacific was the centre of the major diplomatic disputes of the year', writes Miss Bell in her introduction. 'The tension that underlay them was a product of the changing relationship between the new China and the rest of the world'. The crisis in Indo-China, the fall of Dien Bien Phu, the Geneva Conference, the South East Asia Treaty (or Seato) are among the year's chief landmarks. The main purpose of the Treaty, as American officials noted at the time, was 'to warn China that the full weight of American military power would be used to counter any overt aggression in South-East Asia'. In fact, as Miss Bell notes in her skilful account of the year's events, Seato marked an American retreat from a much more advanced position. The Pentagon hoped that Seato would produce a maximum morale-building effect with minimum demands on the American armed forces.

So if the first appearance of the 1954 *Survey* is unfamiliar, the events it records have a familiar ring. And the chapter-headings soon make us feel at home: Egypt—the Suez Agreement—Israel—Cyprus. The sections devoted to Egypt and the problem of Israel could hardly be bettered. The Arab States basked in the sunshine of the Russian veto; and in a press interview, the Jordanian Foreign Minister declared that a veto by Mr. Vyshinsky was worth all the aid of Britain and the United States. It is a superbly apposite quotation; and one day it may well serve as a useful epitaph.

The *Documents* include the unfortunate phrase used about Cyprus by the then Minister of State, Mr. Hopkinson. 'It has always been understood and agreed that there are certain territories in the Commonwealth which, owing to their particular circumstances, can never expect to be fully independent'. But the even more regrettable words used by the retiring Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lyttelton, are not given:

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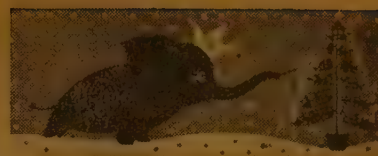


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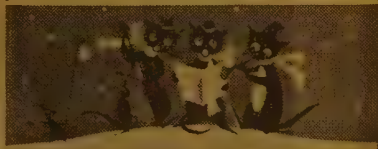
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MINISTER OF DEFENCE, APRIL 16TH 1957



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'I can imagine no more disastrous policy for Cyprus than to hand it over to an unstable though friendly power'.

With the 1954 volume, the *Documents* revert

to their pre-war status, i.e., they are now a volume complementary to but independent of the *Survey*. The explanatory notes at the head of each batch of documents are most useful.

The author explains that they are in no way intended to be a substitute for the *Survey* but merely to assist in the independent use of the volume. And that purpose has been achieved.

New Novels

The Sword of Pleasure. By Peter Green. Murray. 16s.

Love Me Little. By Amanda Vail. Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.

Love Story. By Louise de Vilmorin. Collins. 10s. 6d.

A Bit Off the Map. By Angus Wilson. Secker and Warburg. 13s. 6d.

MR. GREEN'S novel might be subtitled 'The Memoirs of Sulla'—the first Dictator of Rome (forty years before the time of Caesar), whose name became to future generations a byword for ruthless cruelty and calculated revenge. Was Sulla as black as he was painted? What moved him, and above all why did he retire into private life almost at the very moment of his accession to the supreme power for which he had fought so long and so bitterly? We are not today as apt to accept Roman valuations of their own great men as our fathers were: we have come to understand, and to learn how to correct, the political bias—to one side or the other—that made almost all of them so to speak Macaulays rather than Trevelyan. Mr. Graves started this ball rolling, so far as the novel is concerned, with his ingenious apology for Claudius. Even Tiberius has not been without his supporters; and now Mr. Green has done his best for Sulla, in a most ingenious and exhilarating piece of special pleading, that also adds up to one of the best historical novels for some time. He traces the career of the dictator from unpropitious beginnings in a slummy 'third-floor flat, on the poorest side of the Aventine' (most unpropitious of all, the hideous birthmark across his face that mocked him out of ordinary human ambitions into the icy struggle for absolute political power, in which birthmarks do not count), by way of minor campaigns in Africa and Asia, to the greater conflicts at home that led him to emerge from civil war as the first unquestioned individual head of the Roman state since the days of the Tarquins. It is a fascinating story, and all the more so set (as Mr. Green has set it) in the mouth of its hero; and beside the by no means unattractive self-portrait of Sulla that is allowed to show between its lines, there are a number of memorable character-sketches, of Jugurtha, of Mithridates, of Sulla's four extraordinary wives. If, incidentally, this recital of names more redolent of the schoolroom than of the drawing-room should mislead readers into supposing that *The Sword of Pleasure* is anything but sharp and glittering, let them not be mistaken!

The historical novel wills us to suspend many forms of disbelief, and still more so if it is written in the first person. *The Sword of Pleasure* pretends (and very successfully) to be the autobiography of a first-century-B.C. Roman; and yet it is equally certain that it could only be a product of a contemporary sensibility and that it owes everything, in no dishonourable sense, in the way of construction, style, narrative technique, to two hundred years' development of the modern European novel. To fulfil these two apparently logically exclusive functions simultaneously, and without straining

either the reader's patience or his credulity, makes peculiar demands of the novelist: in particular that he, or she (for women are occasionally brilliant practitioners of this legerdemain), should be so deeply soaked in his period—to use the tiresome phrase—as to be capable of living a truly double mental life. He must be able to experience the inner life of a Claudius or a Sulla (and this experience must be just as much of what would be taken for granted by a Roman, not commented upon, simply accepted, as of the reverse); and at the same time a Mr. Graves or a Mr. Green reliving this experience in twentieth-century terms and communicating it in these terms to his reader. It is a prospect sufficient to induce despair in the stoutest. Mr. Green has, I really believe, emerged from the ordeal with quite unusual credit—and I may add that, for good measure, his book is extremely well written.

I must admit to being a sucker for books written by those still young enough to know better. Miss Amanda Vail is, according to her publishers, sixteen. Her *Love Me Little* would be a credit to authors of most ages, a delicious schoolgirl joke that has all the makings of a minor classic. Her heroine Emily, and her confidante Amy, are fifteen: Emily is 'precocious'—

How I hate that word! I've been hearing it ever since I can remember. I have heard it said despairingly (my mother), jealously (other mothers), complimentarily (Father's friends); but however it is said I hate it. I have heard it just once too often.

—and her father has been 'talking to her as an equal since she was two years old'. One of the dullest girls in school has, during the vacation, an Interesting Experience, as a direct result of which she is elected editor of the *Lit*; president of the Debating Society; captain of the hockey and softball teams; and is voted most likely to succeed.

Though this last accolade, as Amy pointed out, came a few months too late to be considered prophecy.

Emily and Amy leave for the long vacation determined, come what may, to give their all before the start of the next semester. How their every effort is baffled and frustrated by the gentlemanly bungling of the opposite sex ('some boys need a map!') forms the plot of the novel.

It ought to be tediously shocking, but in fact is wholesome, sparkling and as witty as you like—an astonishing performance for sixteen. But is she? One certainly must not wax dogmatic about what can or cannot be written by schoolgirls or, for that matter, the sons of Warwickshire tradesmen: otherwise one will find oneself claiming that *Love Me Little* was written by Francis Bacon or Miss Compton Burnett or whatever. Also one must recognise that, if the authoress

is indeed of so tender an age, a *nom-de-plume* (indeed one might say, *-de-guerre*) and biographical silence are essential for her protection. All the same, if one knew nothing of the author and were invited to guess, 'girl of sixteen' would (I think) come remarkably low down on the lists of most people.

Love Story is the third translated *conte* of the authoress of *Madame De* and *Les Belles Amours*. I read the first of Mme. de Vilmorin's stories with the greatest pleasure and admiration; the second with amusement and attention; the third with (I hope) attention, but (I fear) with little else. The essence of Mme. de Vilmorin's style, which is in itself the essence of what is generally thought to be the best in French style itself (though the claim excludes, oddly, Hugo, Balzac, and indeed perhaps the larger proportion of the French authors that Englishmen read), is simplicity, austerity, restraint; all extravagance is eschewed, whether of situation or of language; all is clear, bright, simplified, without cloudiness or shadows; the milieu had better be aristocratic; and the whole thing should come out at about ninety tiny pages. The frontier between this sort of thing and baldness, bathos, self-parody, is obviously a dangerously indefinite and tenuous one; and it is difficult to feel that Mme. de Vilmorin has not on this occasion overstepped it. The main plot is absurd, and not 'deliciously absurd' either; it is also one of the oldest fairy-stories in the world, and one that has often been told better. And the handling in general is sadly mannered where it is not merely weak. Here from the wreck, however, is its best sentence rescued:

He narrowed his eyes as though trying to distinguish something in her that was very distant; his breath became at the same time hesitant and heavy, his face tightened, his nostrils quivered and trembled, his lips half opened and Catherine, recognising in each of these signs the imminent approach of a kiss, gave herself up to the disturbance that overcame her and was already closing her eyes when: 'Atishoo!' Peter von El sneezed.

Miss Vail would beautifully appreciate the bitterness of that!

If I treat Mr. Angus Wilson's new collection of short stories, *A Bit Off the Map*, only cursorily and at the end, it is because he seems to me so obviously one of the best of living English writers that the fact of it need scarcely now be brought home to anybody. Those not yet convinced, and those not yet acquainted, please embark or re-embark! You will find, incidentally the most completely satisfying rejoinder to the currently fashionable charge (whipped-up and trumped-up) that 'nobody is really writing about the English working-classes of today'.

HILARY CORKE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Contrasts

LAST WEEK'S PROGRAMMES left me debating whether I would prefer to settle in Sarawak or Nuneaton. In Sarawak I would be close, very close, to nature and tropical nature at that—swamps, jungles, mountains, and gorges, no railways and few roads except the flowing highways of the rivers. 'Wherever you move', says Tom Harrison, 'there is something extraordinary to see'. In Nuneaton nature does not obtrude herself except under strict control in the public park and the views consist of the works of man—the new bus station, the old railway station, immensely tall chimneys, and streets of shops and houses.

A programme in 'Tonight' by Slim Hewitt which offended Nuneaton took place during my holiday, but last Thursday I viewed Geoffrey Johnson Smith's visit to the town to hear the complaints of various Nuneatonians including the Mayor about the previous programme. I gathered that Mr. Hewitt is a funny man and that his visit to Nuneaton was in pursuit of material, but that with this object he picked out for illustration only the 'black spots' of the town, of which the citizens admit that they are fully conscious, and ignored the highlights; not a shot of the new bus station, the park, or the new housing estate. In short, what riled them was that the picture was unpardonably biased.

In Mr. Johnson Smith's programme I saw various shots of the town and its citizens and I liked many of them. As a railway-station fan I am especially partial to those stations which fast trains proudly ignore. They have an individuality of their own. I liked what I saw of Nuneaton station, and I select from other things, including the new bus station, a magnificent prospect beyond a street of humble one-storey houses of a group of enormous factory chimneys. Years ago I used to visit a house in a north-country mining village whose front windows looked on a by-products factory a quarter of a mile away with just such chimneys. It was a building of immense and inspiring dignity.

Yes, if forced to choose, I would plump for

Nuneaton. In Sarawak, though the people are friendly, and one and all, it seems, artists, and the vegetation superb, living conditions, it appears to me, would be unbearable. The food—pig or deer minced and then boiled, and rice three times a day—would never do for me. And Nuneaton would give me a home of my own while in Sarawak I would have to share a



Scene from 'Rock Bottom', a dramatized documentary programme on alcoholism, on October 15: 'Richard Lincoln' (right) entering a cellar to join drinkers of surgical spirits

long house with from one to two hundred other inmates without so much as a three-ply partition. For all that, 'People of the Tinjar River', No. 3 of 'The Borneo Story' by Hugh Gibb and Tom Harrison, was an engrossing film. The men and children of Sarawak, when the harvest is over, occupy themselves in wood-carving and the women in bead embroidery. We saw an example of wood sculpture in stages from the felling of the tree in the jungle, the rough trimming of it on the spot, its transport to the long house, and its gradual emergence there into a woman with a dog under her arm and a child clinging to her knees. The long house is adorned with carvings such as this and vigorous designs blocked out in colour.

'Rock Bottom', written by Colin Morris and produced by Gilchrist Calder, was a dramatized documentary of harrowing realism on the subject of alcoholism. It showed the degeneration of a husband and father of two children, who had lost control of his taste for drink, into a state of alcoholism which was ex-

bited in appalling detail, including a terrifying attack of delirium tremens. He is persuaded to submit to medical and psychiatric treatment and finally to enter Alcoholics Anonymous where, after one grim relapse, we gather that he will regain his self-possession. It was a convincing piece of objective realism admirably executed.

After just over an hour came the first programme in a series called 'Lifeline' which is to deal with psychological and moral problems of today. It took the form of a discussion of offences against children. A consultant psychiatrist—yes, the same one now so familiar to many of us viewers in all but name—introduced the programme in which Sir Hartley Shawcross, Kenneth Walker, and Anne Allen, J.P., also took part. Such a team could speak with authority on the psychological, medical, and legal aspects of the subject and their discussion provided some valuable and in some respects reassuring information. It is unusual for B.B.C. Television to give us two such serious programmes on the same evening. Let us hope it becomes a habit.

In last week's 'Brains Trust' it was a pleasure to see and hear that Dr. Bronowski had returned to the fold.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

Sun and Haze

LIKE THE MEN from the Bab Ballad, the Padleys hold 'liberal opinions'. The family has been devoted to Causes. Always it has lived in a highly civilised atmosphere: social work, committee work, the latest Blue Books and White Papers, gracious liberal living. In fact, the Padleys mean very well indeed. If they think more of the cause than the effect, it is surely obvious that they have much to occupy them, and that they are happier with comfortably manipulated abstractions than with real people.

For them the right thing—and they make a point of doing it—can be sometimes like the findings of a Commission. A recalcitrant grandson recalls that when his grandmother was urged to look at the lovely sky, she asked mildly why the contemplation of natural scenery reduced normal human beings to the level of schoolgirls—and returned again to her absorbing book, *The Need for Imaginative Education in Primary School-teaching*. This was at a party in punts. I am sorry that Angus Wilson, the family's creator, does not let us see the Padleys in punts: it would be an agreeable, if slightly chilling, occasion, with good talk on prison reform, and the luncheon-basket left behind.

Mr. Wilson, who has tried to compress the Padleys within his play, 'The Mulberry Bush', presents them in the more gracious surroundings of the Warden's Lodge at St. Roland's—choose your university—and the garden with its mulberry tree. Michael Elliott, the television producer, used sets on Sunday night that were a relief after the scrappy *décor* of the London stage production. That condemned the poor Padleys to live in a world that was singularly draughty and dangerous (symbolic, perhaps?). Sunday's general performance seemed to be better, though the Padleys had now and then to work under difficulties, with speakers out of focus and voices trailing away. One might hold that it suited the piece, for 'The Mulberry Bush'—of which Mr. Wilson has made two



'They Built Their Own Abbey', a visit to the Benedictine Monastery at Buckfast on October 18: Father Charles explaining his new process for making stained glass

versions—is still a play of sharp moments and misty patches. The Padleys are not happy in a play. They would come out so much better in a short story, or in a full-length novel where the author could stand by and comment.

The occasion shows these 'do-gooders' in some anguish, with family skeletons in rattle, the younger folk in rebellion, and at least one Good Cause revealed as a really bad thing. In spite of its wit and literacy, this does not have the theatrical impact of many a piece of highly competent hack-work. Mr. Wilson has had most trouble with the rebels, and with that insolent young refugee who could probably capitalise his gift for invective by shaping it into a modish play. Frederick Bartman toiled hard with him. Mary Hinton was splendidly direct and right as Rose Padley, resolute in her crumbling world, and ready to carry on while there were still reports from Swedish prison governors to be sifted. (It was probably wrong of me to remember another, and less organised, social worker of long ago, Mrs. Jellyby, preoccupied with her African project and the left bank of the Niger.)

As on the stage, the people that came across most forcibly were two from the cupboard: the gushing woman and the tired, seedy ex-officer, each of whom had seen a Padley in circumstances that no Padley should condone. Viola Lyel and George Benson were loyally accurate here. And I shall remember Dulcie Bowman as the doomed daughter, now 'a little selfish about time'—one of those phrases, almost thrown away, that stick in the memory. It may not be a successful play; but it is a tantalisingly unusual family portrait, and I wish we could meet the Padleys in a medium suited better to them.

I am unsure what the Padleys might make of 'The Royalty', the hotel in St. James's that gives its name to Donald Wilson and Michael Voysey's serial. Rose and her husband might conceivably have stayed there a night or two. After all, it is old-established, and not a 'metropolitan ant-hill', a Grand Babylon. But they might have been worried by some of the goings-on, and I doubt whether they would have seen the point of view of the dear man, represented by A. E. Matthews, who has no wish to be



'The Mulberry Bush' on October 20, with (left to right) Frederick Bartman as Kurt Landeck, George Benson as Captain Wallcott, Mary Hinton as Rose Padley, Dulcie Bowman as Cora Fellowes, and James Maxwell as Simon Fellowes

forward-looking. What's the use of a London without the Gaiety, Daly's, the Empire, the Alhambra? Still, the Royalty Hotel remains; its owner (Margaret Lockwood) gallantly resists temptations to sell it, and it may well be that, in the next three instalments, we shall get very fond of the place, its staff, and its mixed bag of guests. The first instalment was bright, with intermittent fog-patches.

'To Love and to Cherish' would have absorbed the Padleys because it is a play of ideas (on the currently topical problem of the remarriage of divorced persons). The late Michael Egan was more interested in his theme than his people. We think of the central debate, a hammer-and-tongs affair, before its debaters, though Walter Fitzgerald (clerical zealot) and Robert Speaight can argue with the best. 'Nicholas Nickleby' has begun hopefully (Fay Compton with the brimstone-and-treacle—not a very Padleyesque establishment, Dotheboys Hall). And there is only room to say that the unpretending pleasures of Sunday's 'Music at Ten' would have been helped by a less considered spontaneity in presentation.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Tragic Platitudes

'HOW MANY MEN have seen that in their dreams?' Jocasta's unintentionally ironic attempt to allay terribly well-founded fears that Oedipus must somehow fulfil the dark prophecy of marriage with his own mother was certainly fair game for Freud. It

may be that the persistently publicised Oedipus complex—or the publicity itself, at any rate—has something to do with the fact that Sophocles' 'Oedipus Rex' is the Greek tragedy with the strongest emotional appeal to modern audiences. But it is as well to remember that this is not the theme of the play. So far from cherishing homicidal impulses against his father and a forbidden passion for his mother, the Sophoclean Oedipus flies from what he believes to be his native city to avoid the threatened doom. To assert that he unconsciously desired what he consciously abhorred is to go counter to the play, which makes no such implication, and to theorise about the subconscious rather than the artistic intentions of its long-since-departed author.

What the tragedy presents is a particularly horrifying study in hubris and nemesis. A fatal overweening pride is what Oedipus carries along with him to his un-



A. E. Matthews (left) as Lord Charters and Richard Pearson as Fred Potter in the first episode of 'The Royalty' on October 16

doing, a spiritual blindness that ultimately gives place to a Teiresian blinded vision, whose final transfiguration is reached not in this play but—as Sir Donald Wolfit memorably demonstrated in 1953 when he acted both tragedies on the same night for the first time in the history of the English theatre—in the much later sequel, 'Oedipus at Colonus'. Stephen Murray quite rightly laid the initial stress on this violent self-righteousness in Val Gielgud's production of a new translation of 'Oedipus Rex' in the Third Programme last week. But the translation, aiming presumably at severe simplicity, achieved only a fatal flatness; and Mr. Murray's boastful, nagging tones in the early scenes were distressingly monotonous to the point of alienating sympathy from the tragic protagonist. The development was further vitiated by the unwonted shakiness at the microphone of—of all actors—Leon Quartermaine, whose Teiresias was more than once blind to his script and bereft of inspiration to make up for it. However, Stephen Murray rose impressively to the terrible climax, where something of the tragic experience was forced through the basic English. Coral Browne, taking a busker's holiday from Shakespearean incest at the Old Vic, did as well as might be with a Jocasta whose answer to Oedipus' premature relief at news of



Scene from 'To Love and to Cherish' on October 17, with (left to right) Walter Fitzgerald as the Rev. Mark Fairley, Robert Speaight as Dean Murray, Mary Jones as Helen, and Jerry Stovin as Dave Manford

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the natural death of his supposed father was a mere 'I told you so'. A chorus of oddly rejuvenated Elders was punctuated with music that had the wrong sort of dying fall, and the performance with most vocal light and shade was William Eedle's as the Shepherd.

Terence Rattigan's excursion into classical history, his Alexander the Great play, 'Adventure Story', was not very successful on the London stage and, despite extensive rewriting which clarified the theme considerably, was less successful in last week's Home Service production. Like Mr. Trypanis, but more so, Mr. Rattigan has failed to find a heightened speech capable of sustaining an ambitious theme. An action that inevitably recalls 'Tamburlaine' need not nowadays be expected to equal, in its own way, Marlowe's mighty line. But other fairly successful period pieces by modern authors—Shaw's 'Caesar and Cleopatra' for one—have at least achieved an eloquence of wider range than conversational prose naturalism. Mr. Rattigan either could not or would not attempt it, and seems to have no sense of how far and how disastrously he has ventured beyond the frontiers of his own brilliant talent. On the stage his 'Adventure Story' had at least some support from its *décor* (by Georges Wakhevitch). Without even that kind of richness one was left reflecting glumly that if the name of Oedipus meant swollen feet the name of Alexander in this play was made to mean no more than swollen head.

Not content with showing how ruthless power, pursuing a grandiose ideal—the world-state—passes inevitably from killing enemies to liquidating friends, Mr. Rattigan also anatomises Alexander as an uncomplex Oedipus type. He hates his father more than he scorns his Persian opponents, and is horrified to find he has become what he execrated. He practically adopts the Queen-Mother of Persia as his mother-substitute. For all I know, Alexander's imperial progress may have been so motivated—though the exasperating effect of the stage production of 'Adventure Story' on one of my correspondents was to make her leave the theatre and spend six years preparing a biographical study to rehabilitate its hero. I have no objection to a 'historical' play which adopts this, or any other suitably dramatic premise, for its own purposes. But if the historical Alexander could take at least a temporarily successful short cut by slicing the Gordian knot, Mr. Rattigan's clipped speech only snips his own yarn. Richard Johnson, an attacking actor from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, could not produce a concentrated fire with this attenuated ammunition.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

True Criticism

THE CRITICISM AND REVIEWING of literature have had their functions well defined for a good many years, and it is a sign that the arts are healthy when the right balance is kept between them, and when both are serving the general reading public. Today this balance seems lost; the shape of modern journalism, among other things, has loaded the balance too much in favour of the reviewer, while the real critics that we have tend to retire to their academic tasks or to write for a small chosen circle. The true criticism that appears either in book form or in the periodicals is shockingly small. Even editors with enough space to offer elbowroom for a critic with something vital to say do not always seem to get their man. The B.B.C. has done its bit to restore the balance, and there are occasional talks, or series of talks, on literary subjects which are outstanding; but the emphasis is nowhere near as firm and purposeful here as it is

with the Third Programme treatment of philosophy. What one too often gets is reviewing writ large, a failure to make that relation between the immediate subject and the scores of contributory strands of thought, feeling, and awareness which, to my mind, is one of the first essentials of true criticism.

The other evening Mr. Noel Annan gave a talk on the Third Programme which had just this quality. Ostensibly the subject was Lionel Trilling's latest collection of critical essays (which Mr. Annan thought had been misunderstood by the reviewers) and though the talk kept rigorously to the subject it teemed with related ideas, produced in almost every paragraph something which might have been examined at much greater length. Indeed, disdaining the title of literary critic Mr. Annan described himself as 'an historian of ideas'. His whole approach to literature is refreshingly un-literary because he brings to it an intellectual equipment unhampered by the narrowness of Eng. Lit. When a historian of ideas examines works of literature from his particular point of view he is certain to produce something quite different in kind from that of the orthodox literary critic.

Like Mr. Trilling, Mr. Annan clearly has an 'unaesthetic' conception of the nature of literature. For him, above all, the critic must know and evaluate the author's ideas and his views of morality in order to reach the final truth of what he has to say. I was not sure whether Mr. Annan was using the word 'aesthetic' in the pejorative sense, as describing a subjective, pleasurable approach to art—he gives Lord David Cecil short shrift in one line—or, in the philosopher's sense, as the means by which one may glimpse the absolute spiritual reality out of which art comes.

If one agrees with Hegel that there is such a spiritual reality then it is something which one must consider before coming to the ideas and the morality—but probably it is an idea which Mr. Annan would have no interest in considering. He certainly has no interest in the first sense of the word; he lays about the 'old gang' of *belle-lettrists* with a vengeance for their imprecision and sloppy thinking, but he does not think it worth while to define the pleasure principle which he attributes to them. Of course, where pleasure and the aesthetic worth of a work of art are the only principles of criticism the result must be an absurdity. The more a mind matures the more it is likely to put aesthetic pleasure into a proper perspective. When Mr. Eliot wrote, in *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, that 'to win a full understanding of the poetry of a period you are led to the consideration of subjects which at first sight have little bearing on poetry', he was pointing out how many strands, apart from the aesthetic strand, must be twined in order to produce real criticism.

I myself find that the extra-aesthetic elements in a work of literature become increasingly important for me—and if the ideas of an author and his moral position are, as far as I am able to tell, of no interest, then I get much less pleasure than I used from his language, however beautiful, or from his shaping of his material, however aesthetically perfect. But I still recognise that there is a whole category of art to which this criterion cannot apply, where beauty is truth and truth beauty, where the 'ideas' and the moral sense which Mr. Annan looks for are irrelevant. It is a category perhaps entirely limited to poetry and certain types of fiction—and not the greatest. The greatest art does have all the virtues that Mr. Annan feels criticism must examine, but they are unified by something which can only be considered aesthetically.

I have emphasised, or over-emphasised, Mr. Annan's anti-aesthetic turn of mind because his is a view which dominates criticism today. I am

all for literature being examined from a score of viewpoints, but isn't there a danger that literature as *art* is being neglected?

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

In Series

A GREAT PART OF THE TIME allotted to music in the Third Programme is now devoted to those serial programmes which have often been a useful feature of this service. There is the series devised by Anthony Bernard presenting music inspired by the story of Don Quixote; in another the Amadeus Quartet are juxtaposing a quartet by Mozart with one by a contemporary British composer; a third surveys French songs from Berlioz to the present day and, if Bernhard Sönnnerstedt's performance of Schubert's 'Schwanengesang' is not in a series, it will have been followed by one of 'Winterreise' before this article is in print.

Mr. Bernard's 'Don Quixote' programmes range far and wide from Purcell and Caldara to Falla and Roberto Gerhard. The act from Boismortier's 'Don Quichotte chez la duchesse' proved to be a real find and was well presented by the singers (including Adèle Leigh, Gerald English, Alexander Young, and John Cameron) and the London Chamber Orchestra under Bernard's direction. With Falla's 'Master Peter's Puppet-show', in which the versatile Marjorie Westbury, the peasant Dulcinea to the life in Boismortier's piece, transformed herself into a veritable urchin, this made a most enjoyable programme. The first instalment included some of Ibert's songs for the film in which Chaliapin appeared. I hope Mr. Bernard has not overlooked the much better ones Ravel composed for the same purpose.

The Amadeus Quartet opened their series with a superlative performance of the D minor (K.421) from the set Mozart dedicated to Haydn. Last week they played the 'Hoffmeister' Quartet in D (K.499) no less well. In their admirable balance, feeling for the right tempo, euphonious quality of tone and newly acquired vigour—they used sometimes to play rather too nicely and consequently with insufficient fire—the Quartet may now be reckoned the finest interpreters of Mozart's chamber music at the present day. They also gave a most sensitive performance of Matyas Seiber's Third Quartet last Thursday, and made that poetic work seem worthy of its place beside the master. In their first programme they gave a vigorous account of Tippett's Second Quartet in F sharp, whose first 'madrigalian' movement sounded rather gritty after the Mozartian euphony. Here and in the finale one feels the composer has been more concerned intellectually with the means of composition than emotionally with its end-product—the sounds we hear. Yet his central slow movement has a glowing beauty and an intensity of expression that could look even Beethoven in the face without noticeably blushing.

Of the French song series I regrettably missed last week's contribution by that fine artist, Sophie Wyss, owing to its coincidence with the symphony concert in the Home Service. I know I could have squeezed part of it in during the interval, but can one adequately switch one's mind from big Brahms to miniature Massenet and then back to monstrous Mahler? The week before MM. Bernac and Poulenc showed us what a fine song-writer Gounod could be. Although his version of Mignon's song is hardly up to the German rivals, 'Venise' and 'Au rossignol' can hold up their heads in most company. As performers this pair are as good as ever, the French counterpart of our Britten-Pears duo, and I hope they will return later to present some of Poulenc's own songs.

Bernhard Sönnnerstedt's performance of



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Schubert's swan-song rose to the height of the greater songs in the book. 'Der Atlas', 'Krieger's Ahnung' and 'Der Doppelgänger', in which the singer brought out all the points in the drama noted by that acute artist Plunket Greene without overdoing them, were among his chief successes. Some of the lighter songs went less well, partly because the accompanist, Frederick Stone, was not quite deft enough. I am not sure that 'Abschied' can be called 'light'; there is a touch of the angry young man about it. But it certainly should not plod. Otherwise Mr. Stone supported the singer admirably.

The chief orchestral concerts have again been given by the B.B.C. Orchestra under Rudolf

Schwarz, who has brought the string-department up to a high standard of excellence, as the performance of Britten's Frank Bridge Variations on Saturday showed. Schwarz is evidently a precisian. He let us hear all the detail in Walton's 'Portsmouth Point' and Mahler's First Symphony which began and ended the Wednesday symphony concert in the Home Service. He did not always succeed, in Walton's overture and again in 'Petrushka' on Saturday night, in welding the details together so that their continuity in an overriding rhythm would be apparent. Still the 'Petrushka' was, despite some oddities and slacknesses, masterly compared with the travesty of 'Firebird' by the Rumanian Radio Orchestra on the previous Tuesday.

Brahms' Concerto in B flat was given a performance that was musicianly, but less than heroic, by Dame Myra Hess to an accompaniment that also lacked grandeur.

The Home Service is giving us occasional hours of opera and discovered for us that the second, third, and fourth scenes of Verdi's 'Falstaff' make quite a good, self-contained comedy. The performance had the advantage of Taddei's excellent Falstaff and the ardent and young-sounding lovers of Luigi Alva and Anna Moffo. Puccini's 'Manon Lescaut' was given a performance in the Third which made it sound more than usually coarse-grained and made one long for Massenet's more refined and juster portrait of the fascinating Manon.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Recent Music of Iain Hamilton

By COLIN MASON

'The Bermudas', a new choral work by Iain Hamilton, will be broadcast on Wednesday, October 30 (Home), and Saturday, November 2 (Third), both programmes at 8.0 p.m.

IAIN HAMILTON belongs to the same generation as Fricker, with whom he has now established himself as one of the outstanding composers to have emerged in this country since the war. There are certain similarities between them, both in the pattern of their careers as composers and in their musical outlook. From the first both favoured large-scale symphonic and chamber works, each producing ten or more in rapid succession. In these a high-powered expressiveness, intensity, and seriousness of purpose revealed in both composers a strongly romantic musical outlook.

Beyond that, however, they are sharply different in temperament. Fricker is a steady and sober worker who has gone on developing in an undeviating line from Op. 1 to his most recent work. Hamilton is much more volatile, impulsive, on occasion almost reckless. He is also more outspoken in his romanticism. His Symphonic Variations, Op. 19 (1953), a work of very original design in which a set of twelve variations form a three-movement symphony, is dedicated to 'a hero', and commemorates 'exceptional feats of courage and endurance' in the last war. There is also an inscription '*de profundis clamavi*' in the score at the climax of the slow movement, and a quotation from the opening of Schubert's late B flat Piano Sonata near the end of the work. Clearly this is a programme-symphony in an almost Berliozian sense. The same seems to apply to his Violin Concerto, written in memory of his father, in which he was again concerned, according to his own note on the work, with more specific problems of musical and emotional expression than in his other symphonic works.

Having drawn attention to these hints of a programme, however, Hamilton rather illogically refuses to disclose anything more about them—apparently out of a desire to prove to himself the self-sufficiency of the musical forms. And it may have been the difficulty of deciding what should and what should not be disclosed about the 'programme' of an instrumental work that led him, immediately after the Symphonic Variations, to write his first work for voices. Since then his inclination to write music with an extra-musical content has increasingly found its outlet in actual vocal settings of texts, where the problem of reconciling that content with the musical form can be more freely and in general more satisfactorily solved than in a purely instrumental work.

Most of these vocal works, in contrast to his instrumental ones, reveal for the first time the

Scot in Hamilton. They include 'Four Border Songs' and 'The Fray of Suport' (an ancient Border gathering song), both for mixed chorus; a cantata on three poems by Burns, for vocal quartet and piano; and his latest completed work, a cantata for tenor and piano on a fragment from John Barbour's 'The Brus'. During this period he has also written a set of Scottish dances for orchestra, based on traditional tunes. This does not mean that he is becoming a nationalist composer. He has not lived in Scotland permanently since childhood, and except in the set of dances he sounds no very strong national musical accent in any of these works, being content to let the texts speak for his Scottishness. The musical development that has been brought about by these vocal works, or has at any rate appeared simultaneously with them, is a general maturing, broadening, lightening, and clarification of style.

Until this period Hamilton's works had all been marked, in their harmony and general technique, by a great wildness and freedom, carrying them sometimes dangerously near to the impossible or the incomprehensible—from which they were saved always by the force and energy of the melody. To this period belong the Clarinet Quintet, String Quartet, Viola Sonata, Symphony No. 2, Piano Sonata, Violin Concerto, and Symphonic Variations. When he began to use voices in the works that followed he was compelled to purge his harmony drastically and to learn much more severe technical discipline, with beneficial results that soon began to show in his instrumental works too. The Clarinet Sonata, Piano Trio, and String Octet have an almost diatonic simplicity and economy of harmony and texture that show for the first time in his instrumental music, without any sacrifice of force or vitality, a complete clarity of thought and mastery of technique. The same mature skill and ease are evident in the Scottish dances, in which Hamilton treats the tunes wittily and affectionately without any of the conventional sentiment. One of them is transformed into a slow jazz number.

Having attained this clarity and mastery of style in a more or less traditional language, Hamilton has lately begun to use serial methods of composition. His first examples, the Three Piano Pieces, Op. 30, and the Serenata for violin and clarinet, both written in 1955, are light in character and technically rather primitive. The series of the Serenata, for instance, is simply the two whole-tone scales, upon which Hamilton gleefully exercises his invention and

resource to produce as many different textures and figurations as possible. In his latest example, the Barbour cantata, a serious and important work which possibly owes something in conception to some of the recent works of Stravinsky and to Britten's 'Canticles', his use of serial technique is already much more expressive and emotionally committed.

While making these first experiments with twelve-note technique in works on a small scale Hamilton was also engaged on a larger work, in which episodes of the diatonic simplicity of the Octet alternate with others in which serial technique brings complexities of harmony recalling those of Hamilton's earlier instrumental music. This was 'The Bermudas' for chorus and orchestra, commissioned by the B.B.C. It is Hamilton's first work with full orchestra since the Symphonic Variations, and in form it is a step farther in the direction of that work away from large-scale abstract instrumental works towards more explicitly dramatic ones.

The B.B.C.'s original request was for a symphony, but Hamilton was reluctant for the time being to write another. There are, it is true, symphonic features in what he has finally written. The three choral movements, the first a prelude describing the geographical position of the Bermudas, the second a vigorous scherzo-like movement based on a contemporary account describing the exhilaration of discovering them, the third a serene and idyll-like setting of Marvell's poem, do form, musically, a not altogether unfamiliar kind of modern symphony of three movements in one. Between these choral movements are two instrumental interludes, the first representing the storm and wreck of the *Sea Venture*, the second the setting off for Jamestown in the *Deliverance*. This quasi-symphonic symmetry of form is further strengthened by important thematic relationships within the work, the total design and character of which have something each of the symphony, the symphonic poem and the song-cycle. The work is a successful synthesis on an ambitious scale of all the recent developments in Hamilton's music, and suggests that this original and thoughtful composer will increasingly demand our attention.

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